**Hannibal Ever After 2017**

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# Hannibal Ever After 2017

by orphan_account

Summary

Day 21- The Hidden One: Will shares at the smile looking right back at him, he can't help but smile back

Day 20- The Princess Mouse: When will went off in a search for his bride, he really hadn't expected anything to come out of it.

Day 19- The Fish and The Ring: "Oh my God, I'm the lord of Death, and I'm going due by choking on a ring!"

Notes

Ah, first time ever doing one if these events, and I'm so excited. First day is Little Red Riding Hood, which I kind of threw out the entire plot and made a story up about town sacrifices. Enjoy~

Warnings: murder, town people dying, and some sexual content

See the end of the work for more notes

# Little Red Riding Hood

When you hear about the story of Little Red Riding Hood, you imagine a story about a little dumb girl and her sick grandmother who were eaten by a wolf, before being saved by a wandering huntsmen. A tale that is ment to have a moral in which you should never talk to strangers, or always stay on the path ahead.

Well let me tell you now that that is not how the story goes, in fact it is just a way for parents to get their kids to never go near or into the woods, ever. Because in the woods live a very wicked, very cruel, and very hungry God, that hides himself in disguise of a massive wolf and eats all who wander the woods. A God that the nearby villages fear and coward at the thought of him, one day the woods were a safe a peaceful place to hunt. The next, hunters were dying like flies in water.

Although, it had started first with a rude, dumb little girl and her mean grandmother. Then a drunk huntsmen, and before you know it the village turned it onto a yearly ritual. Just for the sake of the village they would pull a name out of a hat, and the person would be sent into the woods to be devoured by the God.

Will never went to those meetings, mainly because his family had been picked off one by one from them, and he was just as an outcast to the village as the God was. So, he stayed home and got drunk, laid in a rocking chair and just slept. Listened to the silence of the eerie woods, and the far away cried of horror when the person had been picked ripe for the kill. Most nights as a kid he would be haunted by the cries of families loosing a loved one, now as a man the cures had resided into the back of his head.

Unfortunately, this year there came a knocking from his front door right when he was about to start his first bottle. He sighed and opened the door to find the cities head senators standing outside.

At first, he raised an eyebrow, confused as to why they came to visit him today.

And then it hit him like a freight train, he blinked and blinked. Wirelessly he let them into his house, speechless he listened and nodded to what they had to say, and when they left he sat back down in his rocking chair and stared.

Stared at a faint black smudge on the wall before him from when he was a kid, and pulled a piece of charcoal out of the fire from curiosity. He never knew it would smudge on his hands, and his father laughed joyously when he smudged the wall a bit. It was probably the last he had ever heard his father laugh.

When he woke up the next morning his back was stiff from the chair, and his body was cold. He hadn't spoken when the senators came to collect him, never said anything when he had been bathed and cleaned from head to toe, dressed in nice clothes before being handed a red hoodie. He glared at the stupid resemblance from the first death, but nevertheless put the hoodie on.

Standing before the dark woods he remember the same words his grandmother had once told him.

"Remember to always be polite to those who live in the woods, especially the Gods, even if some are wicked than others." Those were the same words she told him before stepping into the woods to meet her fate.

And now it was Will's turn to meet his own fate.

The woods were vast, outnumbering the kings castle by many acres, and the deeper you walked through the woods the more closer you are to find a creature of myth. Of course, though, when Will began walking in the woods he did not expect the walk to be so laborious, the thought that some black wolf would appear the instant he stepped in and ate him was too perplex. So of course, for many hours he walked and walked, and walked. He stopped to splash water from a stream into his face, and  slurpped the refreshment the stream had to offer. He was unaware of the blue eyes staring down at him, and when he looked up he came nose to nose with a fox.

No, not a fox.

For he could tell that the fox was much bigger than any he has seen before, and it's eyes told of ancient knowledge. As his grandmother told him before, Will acted politely to the God before him and bowed to it. The fox cackled, and sniffed the air around him.

"Why do you where such a ridiculous hood in these evil woods, human?" The fox ask.

"I have been picked by my village as a sacrifice to the God who hides under the skin of a massive black wolf." Will answers the fox. It's whiskers twitch at his response before it smiles wickedly.

"I see, well human I must warn you, when you meet the wolf do not run, he finds that very rude when a person screams and runs from him." The fox laughs.

"Why?"

"Because it is the polite thong to do."

And with that the fox leaves Will to his own thoughts. He stands up, and then leaves the stream.

Again. As he is eating the ripe fruits of a growing tree he is met upon another God, who is not the wolf. It is bit a large snake with red scales that drip blood, and three unblinking eyes that state down at Will. It hisses at him, but closes it's mouth when Will politely bows to the God. It seems to consider his movement before speaking.

"Why do you move deeper into these dangerous woodsss, human?" The God hisses, the s's slurring in his speech.

"I have been picked by my fearful town to be eaten by the God who is secretly a wolf in these woods." Will replies calmly to the snake, it large slithering body moves around him.

Constricting his arms and legs, but never enough to squeeze him to death.

"I sssee, then I must warn you human, when you meet the wolf do not smear at his appearance and attack him."

"Why."

"Because it is the polite thing to do." The snake releases Will, as it sluggers back into it's tree. Will shrugs. And baths the core of the fruit into the ground so it can live and grow. And then moves deeper into the woods. The trees began to change, they reach higher into the sky and block its blue beauty with their leaves. Strange animals appear and disappear from Will's sight as he continues to walk.

Next he meets a boar, that is higher than his shoulders and has four bloodied tusks, who unlock the others is rude.

"What kind of fool are you to walk alone in these woods. Petty human, you should have run when you had the chance at the beginning." The boar mocks. Will, even though he rather not, bows to the boar.

The boar laughs at his politeness.

"I am here by the order of my village to be eaten by the God who stalks around, as a wolf." Will responds, being wary of the dead bodies that litter around the boar. The boar snorts, but suddenly seems frighten at Will's response.

"Be careful what you do in the presence of the wolf."

"Why."

"Because it is the polite thing to do."

And with that the boar hides back into his cave, awaiting another human to eat. Will sighs and continues his walk through the dark woods. He searches both high and low for the wolf, but never finds him. When night comes he is all but too tired to look for the God, and makes shelter under some tree branches. He does not notice the red eyes that stare gingerly down upon him.

When the moon is at it's highest peak the human wakes, there before him cones a rustling from the bushes, and then comes padding out is a massive black wolf. Eyes redder than spiky blood, and with flecks of feathers around his neck, the wolf states down at Will and then speaks.

"Why are you sleeping out in these woods, human, these are not a safe place for man."

"My village has hand picked me to be the sacrifice to the God who lives as a wolf in these woods. I have searched all day, from the trees and the ground for the God, so I can be eaten." Will responds, bowing graciously to the wolf.

"And yet, you do not run from me when I appear before you. You did not run at the beginning, like others have, they tried to run and start a new life. But I have always caught them on there flee. and I ate them." The wolf growls, smiling wickedly to Will. His white teeth shine in the moonlight, stuck in between them are pieces of human flesh.

Will does not shudder at the sight, he does not scream nor yelp and move away. No, Will stands politely and waits for the wolf to finish his statement.

"I do not run because it would be pointless, you would find and kill me either way. I have to save my town, and so here I am."

"And here you are."

Will nods, and sits back down on the ground, waiting patiently for the God to devour him. Instead he finds a large curious snout nuzzling into his curls, sniffing at his face and chest. His breath is so heavy that Will's red hood falls off.

"Come with me, human." The wolf says, laying down onto it's belly, and letting Will clamber onto his back. "Tell me, what is your name."

"Will, Will Graham."

"Well then Will, you may call me Hannibal."

Months later

Will wakes up to the morning sunlight that sneaks it's way through the curtains. He smiles, and rolls over to his other side to nestle back under the warmth of the furs that cover his body. Yes, he is very much alive, and no he is not dead. After taking Will to a castle that lived in the middle of the dark woods, Hannibal had showed Will around and then proclaimed he would never eat another villager, only if Will stayed with him. Shrugging, Will had agreed because unlike the town he once lived in, Hannibal cared for him and listened to each word he spoke carefully. Almost like a lover would. In fact, Hannibal had been interested him since the beginning, apparently as he watched Will be polite to the other God's and show is generosity he slowly fell in love.

Of course, it did take some time for Will to fall back in love with the God who had taken him to his beautiful castle to live in. But when he did fall in love it was on a cold night where they were sitting next to each other by an open fire, and Will stared at Hannibal's human form.

He was lovely.

Built like a marble statue, with high cheekbones and ashen blonde hair that Will found himself always running fingers through. His eyes are still red, but hold more or a gleam in them than murderous looks. And those cupid bow lips of his, Will had first tasted them when they finished two glasses of wine. Surprising, yes surprising, Hannibal when he had leaned over while the man was spouting something about old poetry, and kissed Hannibal. And as he leaned back, sucked softly on the God's bottom lip.

Hannibal had sat frozen in spot, staring shocked at Will who only smiled and sipped the rest of his wine. And well, after Hannibal had gained conciousness, let's just say by the next day Will could not find the strength to get out of bed.

So, here he lays in a bed made of soft silks and furs, basking in the warmth and sunlight like he has nothing to do, because he doesn't. And when strong warm arms wrap around his waist, and pull him into a hairy chest Will laughs and turns around to kiss the God he has come to love.

Even if there are times where he wants to take a knife to Hannibal's throat, whenever he calls him his 'little red riding hood' or 'little red' for short. Those nights never end well for the God, who runs away from his lover laughing brandishing a knife in his hands, and kicks him out of bed.

"How are you doing this fine morning, little red?" Hannibal asked, kissing at Will's curls.

"Terrible, now that you've called me by that stupid nickname."

"I see, how may I make it up to you, in order to gain your love back?"

"Well....I did find this stray dog yesterday, maybe we could take her in?"

Hannibal sighs, but already knows the answer to Will's proposal. Even if they already have seven lovely dogs, who all adore Will as much as he adores them.

"I can't see why not, as long as you are happy, I am happy, my sweet William."

And well, Will has to kiss the man right there, because no matter what terrible things Hannibal does or has done. When it comes to Will, the God practically rolls over to expose his belly to the human. Hell, if Will asked the man would probably give him the whole world, but Will is rather content with what he has right now. So he kisses Hannibal, long and slow until a servant walks in on them, before stuttering that breakfast is ready as he leaves immediately.

Hannibal laughs along with Will, they kiss once, twice and once more before removing the covers, and dressing themselves in warm robes to eat. But before he can leave, Hannibal catches Will's hand and pulls him in for a kiss.

"I love you." Hannibal purrs, kissing Will's curls. Will preens under Hannibal's touch, and kissing the God's chin back.

"I love you too." Will smiles. And down the stairs they go to continue their life with each other.

# Snow White

Chapter Summary

> "One more. One more, person or monster who calls me Snow White, and I swear to whatever God is put there. That they're going to regret they were ever born...or I could just kill everyone who dare so glances towards my path."

Chapter Notes

> Ah, yes Snow White. I live the old movie, but Snow White and the Huntsmen is probably.my favorite remake of it, and mainly inspired this chapter.
>
> Warning: Murder, and some sexual content, also mean towns people and a curse

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"One more. One more, person or monster who calls me Snow White, and I swear to whatever God is put there. That they're going to regret they were ever born...or I could just kill everyone who dare so glances towards my path." Will fumes, riding on his old brown mare down a snowy path. There's a soft huff of laughter that comes next to him, and a warm accented voice speaks up.

"Ah, but you see my dear, I do so love that little nickname of yours. It is quit fetching and easily catches onto ones tounge." Hannibal muses, riding his own black war horse which puffs of great mist leave it's snout.

Will reaches over to punch Hannibal in the arm. Hard.

"Rude."

"Shut up. Hannibal we hunt monsters for a living, if you can't rake a single punching from me then this job is obviously not for you." Will growls.

"Seeing as how I've been doing it longer than you? I think some respect is in order."

"Bite me."

"Only if you ask nicely."

And well, Will has to groan at that. Hannibal, for all his cruel training and words, how he would kill both man and beast for being rude, he can be the absolute most ridiculous man in

the world. Will rolls his eyes, and stares blankly at the road ahead.

Two days.

Two days they've been on the road towards the cave of some fearsome ice bear that has taken to ransacking a nearby village. So they called upon the help of Hannibal and Will, mainly know for their vast knowledge of monsters and how they also are called Monster Hunters. Or Neely named by some fake witch named Freddie Lounds, Snow White and the Huntsmen. At first it was funny to guess which was which, then there was that shocking reality where Will was apparently named Snow White.

'For his curly hair as black as a ravens feather. Skin white as snow, and red as blood after a fresh kill. Will Graham may have the appearance of a young lost doe, but don't let that fool you, for once you really see what he's capable of you can see that he's a murderer.'

Will dis not take kindly to this, and had hunted down the witch, until finding out she had ran off somewhere and vowed to kill her the next chance he got. Meanwhile, Hannibal wore his title proudly yet in disdain from the witches notes about him.

'More of a beast than he is of a man. Hannibal Lecter, is a man who can charm anyone into spilling their secrets to him, but he is also someone who is hiding skeletons in his closet. Yet, with that arm he is constantly hiding from anyone's view, makes you question what his main purpose is.'

Hannibal had frowned at the paper, before tossing it in the fire for added fuel. Now with each and every new town that came upon to aid, some citizens would cower in their sight and kids would stare at Hannibal's right arm in awe and question. At first they rode down the street silently, until they walked into an Inn, and some one made the grave mistake of calling Will, Snow White. Hannibal didn't even try to stop him from beating the man with a bar stool, he just smiled and offered a drink when Will finished.

"How was the brawl, dear?" Hannibal asked, watching as Will downed the entire whiskey.

"Terrible. The fool couldn't even lift a hand up to me, not even a finger." Will smiled, before pulling Hannibal up to their room to have a little more privacy.

Now two days later, and Will was freezing and grumpy. He snapped at anything that chose to move in his peripheral vision, and threw a fit once in a while. Hannibal stayed calm throughout the whole ordeal, and would wrap his strong arms around Will before calming him down. And kissed at those lovely dark curls he adored so much, before releasing Will.

"How much farther did you day we had?" Will asked, breaking the thin cold air of silence which settled between the two hunters.

Hannibal hummed, closing his eyes for a minute to think then answered, "Not too far, love. Just up that hill, see that cave entrance over there. That's where the beast is hiding."

"I see....last one there is a rotten witch, and has to do the cleaning for the next week." Will yelled, kicking his mare into a gallop, running down the road towards the monsters cave.

"Childish." Hannibal tsk, kicking his own horse into a gallop.

Will smiles at the fun of the chase, he's always been the one to start games with Hannibal. Granted that sometimes he never wins some, but he also never looses all the time. He looks back to see Hannibal catching up with him. Leaning forward, Will whispers softly into Winston's ears for her to go faster, and as always the mare complies to his soft words. And soon he's loosing sight of Hannibal's horse.

Will leans back and laughs, throwing his hands up in triumph when he reaches the caves entrance. Only to have the victory live shortly, when he sees Hannibal standing next to his horse in front of the entrance. Will's hands drop to his side, as he frowns deeply.

Hannibal smirks while Will jumps off his trusted mare, and ties the rope for her. He continues to smirk when Will stomps over and shoves him a little, before pouting a bit.

"You know I think you're absolutely charming when you pout, or when you get angry. Maybe one day you'll beat me at these silly games of yours, Will." Hannibal pecks Will's forehead, before pulling off the hatchet that rest on his back.

Will grumbles something incoherently, as he pulls his own weapon of choice from where it rest at his side. Hannibal smiles down at his lover, and turns towards the mouth of the cave. There is no light ahead of them, only empty darkness which consumes any fleeting shade of light that tries to settle near. Winds howl through and fro of the cave, as it moans with age.

"Are you ready?"

"You know, every time you ask that you know I have the same answer. Just as I know every time you ask that question, we'll walk into the cave and right in the middle of battle, one of us remember that we forgot a main ingredient in fighting the monster, and it'll take longer than it should." Will's snarky response earns him a chuckle, and a kiss.

"Whenever you are ready."

"Always."

Well, maybe he should have said in a bit, because first we need to retrieve the fire knife from Winston's pouches, because apparently they really needed that to kill the ice bear. And they of course, forgot that they needed it. So right after Hannibal had cut off a couple of  the bears right paws toe, it grew angry and irritated of the two hunters before roaring and chasing them.

"I told you we would forget the most important item!" Will yelled, sliding down the icey slopes of the caves.

"I know, and I apologies for my mistake." Hannibal answered, ducking from a bloody paw, and jumping over another iceberg.

Will tosses back a couple of small nuts from a pouch on his hip, and find wicker when the nuts exploded as they touch the ground. The bear helps, and turns back before chasing them

again. And it's right when they exit the cave, does Hannibal have the fire blade in his grasp. The bear rears back on it's back legs, and comes down upon Hannibal with a roar.

Will watches as the bear falls on top the blade, and Hannibal. It's white fur engulfs the hunter until he is nothing but a pile of white mass, with blood leaking from the bottom of the fur. Crying out, Will runs over to the pile, and pushes with all his strength for the bears corpse to roll of Hannibal. It doesn't budge.

"Han...Hannibal!" Will cried out, tears beginning to form in his eyes. He falls backwards onto his ass, and stares at the pile. "Oh...oh god, Hannibal...I..."

His face falls into the cradling hold of his hands, as sobs begin to rack his body. He never expected his lovers life to end like this, always expected them to live long until they died of old age. Or maybe from fighting a dragon or God. But never this, never from am easy to conquer mission.

"Why are you crying, Snow White?" A voice questions.

Wait, he knows that voice. He's heard that voice for 10 years, each morning he woke and every night hid eyes shut to sleep he's heard that voice.

"Hannibal!!" Will cries out, jumping to his feet to tackle the hunter to the ground.

"It's amusing how you believe one simple ice bear could be my demise. Silly Snow White, it'd take more than an army to keep me from." Hannibal mused as Will peppered his face with kisses.

"I hate you, and that stupid nickname." Will snaps, before melting into the man's arms. "Why would you scare me like that, Huntsmen?"

"I did not mean to scare you, love. Come let's take what we need, and rest for the night at an Inn." Hannibal sighs, before hauling the both of them back on there feet.

When they get back to town there is high praise for them, and a celebration in order. The townsfolk dance around the ice bears head, which had been skewered onto a steak in the middle of the town. Will stays for about a few minutes, before everyone's cheerfulness and happy-go-lucky looks start to annoy him. Hannibal lingers by, before the women in the town start giving him wandering looks. He smiles and leaves without a word, following Will back to their room.

Will is the first to fall on the bed, Hannibal taking longer to remove the armoured sleeve he made for his right arm. The arm in which everyone's eyes linger on with questioning looks, and spread false rumors. Beneath the armour is not burns or an ugly scar from his past, it is however a curse. From the tips of his fingers, which have formed into claws, the his right shoulder the skin is ebony black. So dark it absorbs any fleeting light around it, like a phantom limb it is an apparatus of what once was a human arm.

"The wrath of a God is not one to be taking with a grain of sand." Was what Hannibal first told him when Will asked. It wasn't until later in their relationship did Hannibal finally tell

him the story of his arm.

When he was a child he his family was murdered by monsters, and Hannibal killed the monster in revenge. And ate their corpses. Angry were the God's that a foolish mortal child had killed their children, they cursed Hannibal to be a monster himself. But they did not know that a monster was already growing inside him.

Years later when he was older did he fain control over the curse, and was able to hide into a human body with only one remain of what he truly was. When he told Will that he had certain cravings for meat, mainly human, Will handed him a dagger and told him "If it is human you crave, then I am happy to oblige."

Hannibal had taken the dagger and tossed to the side, taking Will right where he sat that night. Covering them in diet, snow, and blood. That was then that he found a new way to sate his everyday hunger.

"Are you hungry tonight?" Will asked, when Hannibal snaked his way under the shears with him. The man hummed, starting to kiss along Will's neck and chin.

"For you, I am always hungry." Hannibal purred, clawed finger runs up Will's chest. Will gasped as his chin was gripped tightly, and his mouth found it was being attacked with Hannibal's own mouth. "My little Snow White."

"Annnnnd you I just lost my appetite." Will groaned, pushing away to roll over, having his back face Hannibal. The man behind him began to laugh uproariously, then tried to coax Will back into his arms with sweet words. "You had one chance Hannibal, one chance. And you just threw out the window, well I hope you enjoy the cold side of the bed, because I'm not sleeping with you."

"Will, please do not act so childish, you know I would never degraded you to such a false nickname. Please love, come back to bed with me." Hannibal called out as Will pulled his pants back on. Will glared at the man, and fasten the ties. "I have information on where the witch Freddie is currently hiding."

"I'm listening." Will said, climbing back into the bed with the hunter, wrapping long warm arms around his waist. Hannibal chuckles a little, and kisses at Will's lovely curls.

"I knew that would hook you into coming back." He sighed, trailing fingers through Will's scalp.

"Yeah, well don't expect it to happen again."

"As you wish." Hannibal all but purrs as his hands start trailing downwards of Will's body. Lips pressing trails against his pale chest, and deep rumbles erupt from his own throat. "As you wish."

The next day, Will wakes up sore but more than happier to be awake. After their coupling, Will had been able to extract some sentences about Freddie before both Hannibal and him

were able to fall asleep. Now he stands in the room dressed in the clothing he wore yesterday ready to leave, while Hannibal snores into the pillow that his face has drowned itself in.

It was times like this when the cursed monster looked more human than what he actually was, his hair wildly tossed about, with red scratch marks that hover actual scars on his body. But this is no time for Will to be gawking over his lover, they have a witch to hunt. Will huffs and starts shaking the man awake.

"Yes. Yes. I'm up, I'm up." Hannibal groans, as he practically falls out of the bed, and starts moving around the room like a slug. Will snickers but helps him with his clothes, and his arm cover.

The village doesn't even boric their disappearance, but that's also probably because Will woke up at the ass crack of dawn and wanted to leave in a rush. So off they go, again, through the dark woods and down stoney paths to find another monster to kill, or in this case a witch who has ruined Will's reputation.

"Where is it that we shall ride today, Hannibal?" Will asked, resting his mare into a pleasing trot.

"Riversdale, a quiet little town most recognized for the selkies that live near it, and the few witches who come around for gossip." Hannibal yawns, still trying to rub sleep from his eyes.

"Are trying to tell me, we might have to fight more than one witch?" Will smirks, knowing he'll somehow change the fighting into a little game. He feels Hannibal's knowing smirk play out next to him, and soon there both smiling like love sick fools.

"Perhaps." He says. "Perhaps."

Will grins at this, leaning over to pull Hannibal into a kiss, before letting the man go. But not without a couple more specks to the lips.

"You always know how to brighten my mood, don't you love." Will sighs.

"Anything for you, my Snow White."

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and Comments are always loved.

Tomorrow is "Cinderella" in which we have a fleeing Prince William who runs into a murder scene. On accident of course.

# Cinderella

Chapter Summary

> "I do believe the more important question would be why are YOU hiding a dead body at a time like this?"

Chapter Notes

> Mwahaha, this is too much fun. I'm really enjoying this event so far.
>
> Warning: umm...some more implied smut, and murder, but that's all I can think of for know so enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was the worst, most absolute, most unfortunate day of the year for Will.

When the sun had began to rise at the peak he woke to soft furs and silk in his lovely bed, and ate a wonderful hearth meal. Yet, something seemed quite off about the way the servants frantically moved to and fro in the castle, but being himself, like always, Will ignored them and went about the day. That is until during lunch when his question had been answered by his stern father, and he responded by doing a spit take with his drink.

"The what!!"

"The yearly Hearts Day Ball, William. Don't be such a fool, haven't you been listening to your father the past weeks?" His mother chuckled at him, continuing her speech while Will wiped his face. "The ball is to be held tonight, celebrating the month where love and fertility is at it's peak, and you will be finding someone to be wedded to."

Will gawked at her words like a fish out of water, and never got the chance to argue when his father began to speak.

"Yes, yes, we understand you find no one in this kingdom at your taste, so me and your mother decided to invite all the other kingdoms to the ball." His father smiled, eating forkfuls of warm meat and bread.

Will felt like he could pass out at the news.

No wait, he did pass out.

When he woke up, he had nearly waisted away his entire day by laying in bed, the sun had began to set and soon the ball would be in set. The whole four other kingdoms! What was his father and mother thinking? Will knew he could be stubborn when it came to courting rituals, and marriage, especially that one time when Chilton tried being grabby with Will during a dance. So Will had blindly lead the man out of the castle, and soon Chilton found himself getting a face full of horse shit.

Will did not want to have to deal with anymore assholes like that, again.

So he tried to run. And well, seeing as he's already ran from the past few balls held in his father's castle, the old man had learned his lesson from letting Will be left alone. So right as he was about to make off into the sunset, riding away on his trusted stead Winston, he was caught by the guards.

"Oh no you don't, you are to remain at this ball until it's over. And if you don't there will be sever punishment to face." His father had scorned, when the guards dragged him back to his room to be dressed.

His friend, or to out it more kindly, the only person who could really tolerate his mouthy words; Beverly was waiting for him in his bedroom. As she being deemed the servant to dress him on all evenings that involved princely duties, sat at the edge of his bed awaiting his arrival.

"So, I see your yearly escape from the ball has failed for the first time, and your father expects you to actually at tented the ball, or else you're going to get punished." She summed up. Smiling when her only response was a grunt from Will, as he fell on the bed. "Well, what are we waiting for. I'm going to make you look so sexy, you'll have all the ladies swooning for you."

It was barely 10 minutes before Beverly was becoming tires of Will's constant whining and disapproval of her choice of clothing.

" Too ugly."

"Too old."

"Too flashy."

"Too-EW! What even is that? Go throw it away."

"Nope."

"Nope."

"No."

"No~"

"No-"

"Oh, for crying out loud. Here, you either wear it, or just go naked for all I care." Beverly cried out, flinging a lovely blue suit at Will. Her frown only increased at the sound of his laughter. "Where you just saying no yo everything, just so I could get mad? You were, weren't you! Ugh, Will you are absolutely awful."

His laughter continued to follow Beverly out of his room, as she left, slamming the door on the way. Will stood up, removing the clothes he had been wearing earlier to changed into the suit Be had picked out for him. He had to admit, it was a very lovely suit. A deep blue that brought his eye color out, along with rolling tides that hung at the bottom of the suit and sleeves. There were even a few seagulls that flew across the bottom of the suit. Smiling, Will put the suit on, and calmly, if not nervously, climbed down the stairs to greet the guest with his mother and father.

The night is not too bad, all in all, Will spends most of his time bidding in the shadows and looking for another way to exit the castle without being noticed. Only a few girls dare to come up to him to talk, but they mainly giggly and try to play with his hair. Trying to entice him into their beds or a quiet place for a round of making out.

But Will was having non of that, in fact he finally found the perfect way out.

And so, like a woman hiding her identity from a prince and fleeing at the stroke of midnight because of a spell, he ran. Slipping past a few guards, and his mother's watchful gaze he was out the side door in no time. Running down the palaces steps, and into the vast woods that have lived near the castle for centuries. In a moment of joy and freedom, it is greatly short lived when he runs into two people.

Never mind, runs into ONE person, who just so happens to be carrying another person in there arms and-

"Is that a dead body!?" Will gasps in horror as the man leans down to grab the unbreathing man.

"It may or may not be, but the more important question here is what are you, Prince William, doing out here at such a timely hour." The man fires back, surprisingly calm for being caught red handed.

"I do believe the more important question would be why are YOU hiding a dead body at a time like this?

"No one will notice. While everyone is out and about dancing and drinking, they would not notice a man whose loose tongue got the better if him."

"You killed him because he was rude to you? You need a better MO for a killer of your status."

"Where I come from it is dishonorable to be rude to a man with high status, much less a royal family me member to begin with. So, I took it upon myself to get rid of the pig."

"Prince William of the Graham dynasty." Will holds his hand out for the man to shake, he's hesitant at first, but grips Will's hand and instead of shaking it like any other gentleman, pulls it to his lips for a kiss.

"Hannibal the VIII of the Lecter dynasty." He speaks, cool and collected as he let's Will's hands drop.

Lecter dynasty.

Will's heard some rumors about that kingdom, and mostly none are good to begin with. First off, it's a kingdom running on Old Blood, and war. Secondly, there laws often end with whoever broke them in the first place gets the chopping block. And thirdly, which is probably the one Will is most skeptical about, is that the royal family members are cannibals, and eat the kings and queens from battles won over war.

So putting a face to a name does quite clear up the reason for Hannibal's nightly outing. Will smiles, this is a man who didn't bow at his knees when he first entered the scene, or try to hide the fact he murdered someone for their rudeness. This is a man he could rule along side with, one who can challenge his mouth with his own and still be called an equal, and Will is not going to let him off the hook.

"So, Hannibal," he let's the name roll off his tongue, the unfamiliar weight leaves it off as a seductive suggestion. "what will you do, now that I have caught you in the midst of a murder?"

Hannibal smiles, but is not a kind smile reserved for gentlemen of the court, it is a smile a snake would show before attacking the prey. A smile that would have a lesser being roll over and expose their belly, but for Will. Oh does that smile do things to his body, he shudders as something warm coils in his lower abdomen.

"My dear Prince, would you like to assist me with hiding a dead body?" Hannibal purrs, extending a hand for Will to grasp.

"Why I would love to, and in exchange would you care to attend the ball with me?" He takes a stab back.

"My, my, feeling adventurous are we,my dear sweet William."

"As always, Hannibal."

Surprisingly the night does not go to waist, Will ends up learning a lot more about where to hide a dead body, and the perfect way to murder without getting caught then he has to dance around during the ball. Unfortunately, when they do get back, Will has a bit too many drinks. Okay, maybe like a little more than he can handle. But next thing he knows, ever things in a blur of colors and passing by faster than he can register.

And when the morning stretches and rises, climbing it's way towards the sky it extends a warm greeting to everyone. Everyone except Will, who just hisses at the light burning

through his eyes, and rolls over to shove his face into the warm body lying next to his own. Ah, how comfortable he is to just lay in bed next to the man of his dreams.

Wait.

What?

"What the-" he doesn't finish his sentence, because he's falling off the side of his great big bed. Stuttering around as he finds himself in the nude, along with the other man who is now waking up.

"Will, come back to bed, it's too early for anything else." The man groans, rolling over to his side. Will stands up flapping his arms around, trying to understand what is happening at the moment, and what happened last night.

And then there's that full hitting wave of hangover that hits him like a headache, and he's crawling right back into the comfort of his bed, sliding up against Hannibal. It's not even a moment later until he's awaken by his parents storming into his room, in which he yelps, being startled like a scarred rabbit. He all but forgets he's in the arms of another man, in his bed, naked, in front of his parents.

"William!" His mother gasp, almost fainting at the sight.

"Will how-"

"Father, please I can explain!" He stumbles.

"Explain? Explain! What do you mean my boy, it's a miracle!" He Father cries out in joy.

"What?"

"Come, come, meet us downstairs for brunch when you've uh...dressed yourselves. We have much to discuss."

And like a hurricane passing through his parents are gone as quickly as they came, leaving Will to mull over what just happened. And realizing that Hannibal is very much still in his bed, and still very much naked. He groans, falling back into furs.

"You are an absolute delight, William." Hannibal purrs, diving down at Will's openly expanse of skin in which he left unprotected. Will gasp as warm, rough lips begin trailing down his neck.

"Ooooh, please don't tell me we had sex last night." He moans, melting into Hannibal's calloused fingers as they run through his curls.

"Perhaps."

"I see the situation here then. Hannibal, I hope you happy with me, because my parents are about to marry me off to you." Will snapped lightly at a tug to his curls. "You better be ready for when I bring home seven stray dogs."

Hannibal laughs, it's loud and the most loveliest thing Will has ever heard in his life. The older man nuzzles against his neck, nipping ever so slightly. Before settling back down to just soft touches to Will's delicate skin.

"It would be my honor to have you in my life, sweet William." Hannibal chides.

"You'll be regretting that after a year or two."

"Never. I would write odes about you, your ever so youthful appearance and delicate skin, that two faced mouth of yours. One sided snake, the other a lost puppy. And the art I would make of you, it would seem as if I had caught an angel from the God's, and brought it down to Earth with me."

"Wow. Have you always been single, because I cannot see anyone who would want to turn you down."

"Sweet William, would you do me the honor in coming back to Lithuania with me, to be my consort, and ever loving husband?"

"Well...when you put it like that, it's kind of hard to resist." Will smiles as Hannibal starts to attack his lips with more kisses.

"Alright, alright get off, we need to go speak with my parents." He laughs pushing the hulk of muscle and love off him. "Oh, and next time, I get to choice the person we kill. I have a few pigs in mind that are fresh for the slaughtering."

"Will...you have just stolen my heart." Hannibal whispers, like the breath he just had had been knocked right out of his lungs. He looks at Will like a lover of many years would, the devotion and adoration is almost too much for Will to bear. He looks away as his face begins to turn red.

"I love you too, you romantic."

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and comments are always loved!!

Tomorrow is "Sleeping Beauty" which involved me kicking the entire plot of the movie and making something new of it :D

# Sleeping Beauty

Chapter Summary

> What a beauty he was, with dark curls and deep blues eyes. Too bad he fell asleep too often.

Chapter Notes

> Yay! Day four, which involves Sleeping Beauty! This one I turned into a spy au enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will doesn't mean to fall asleep whenever people are talking to him, he doesn't mean to fall asleep at all during the day. Most people would just pass it off as Will just being really tired, he has the look of a man who works to much, but when he does it to them again, and again they start getting ticked off and curious as to what his problem might be. The thing is, as a kid Will had always had the problem of falling asleep at random times of the day, and at night he would wake up too early.

Narcolepsy.

That's what the doctors had told him was the problem, and so his life went on. Each time he went to a new school it took a while before he had the teachers convinced that he was a narcoleptic, now as a grown man it's much harder to have it being passed off as a stable thing. As a kid he wanted to be a police men, unfortunately with his 'condition' he was unable to join the line of duty. So he went with the next best thing.

Owning a bookstore.

Which was the life for him, sure he was food with mechanics, but he's cut his fingers open too many times to count, and Will's always had a passion for books. So with a nice pocket of money, he opened a bookstore up, and so far so good people rather enjoy it. Although, there were times where he had to explain his problem to customers when they stayed too long, and caught him falling asleep on the job.

And that's when he met, Hannibal.

God what a charmer that man had been.

Will never notices him before, being himself he tried not to stare at anyone in the eyes, being as eyes were distracting to him. But then he started to notice someone lingering from the crowd, a man who always came wearing the most expensive and flamboyant suits Will has ever seen, only to be reading in the classics section.

And with enough courage, which took a week of practice along with two more days before he finally decided to take the chance, Will had walked over to the man and introduced himself. They hit it off quite well surprisingly, and Hannibal had even asked Will on a date. If you asked, Will would of said he didn't act all shy and blush while looking down at his feet, but that would be a lie. Because he did.

"You...want to...what?"

"A date. At my place, I can right down the time and address, I would love to have you come over and share a meal with you. You have caught my utmost interest, and I want to know more about you." Hannibal smiled, lifting Will's hand to his mouth for a kiss, when Will had nodded his head. "I can't wait to see you."

Of course, Will was going to be nervous about this, it was his first time actually being civilized and talking to someone. Not to mention, probably the first time he has ever gone on a date. So forgetting the fact that he might fall asleep at dinner, Will had ticked the dogs in for the night, closed shop early, and dressed nightly for the evening.

When he stood on the doorsteps to Hannibal's house, which mind you is massive and absolutely the most intimidating house Will has ever seen, and was having second thoughts as he was about to leave the roses he bought and leave. That is until a smiling, and charming, Hannibal had opened the door, brushing little to no dust off his apron, and letting Will inside.

"If you don't mind, I do enjoy it when my dinner guest take there shoes off. So mud doesn't track around the house." Hannibal noted.

"Yes, of course." Will answered, removing his shoes, setting them asides before taking a big whiff of whatever was cooking. "What's for dinner? Is smells...divine."

"You compliment me too much. Tonight, we are having  some special cut meat being served with a side of sauteed vegetables, and desert." Hannibal answers vaguely.

Will sits at the table, waiting for Hannibal to come back and serve the meal. He sips at his drink, a very fancy sounding wine he can't seem to pronounce, and when Hannibal arrives with the food, it's like Heaven. The taste mingle so well together, and added with the wine, oh what a flavor they make together.

When they finish their meals, Hannibal starts making small talk. They joke, they laugh, and they banter a tiny bit. And then Hannibal is opening his mouth to ask Will something, and as always having the worst timing on the world, the world goes black.

When he wakes back up he finds himself not leaning over a wooden table, but laid neatly in a warm bed. Not his bed, of course. No, this is certainly not his bed, with how soft the covers are and how jig and spacious it is, not to mention there's an actual color palette.

"Hannibal?"

At first he's met with silence, and then the soft padding sound of footsteps approach the door to the room. Hannibal looks calm and collected as always, but Will can see beneath the layer of calm that the man is very worried about Will. He rushes over to Will's side, checking for any injuries or if he's hurt.

"Are you okay? You passed out during dinner, I was afraid there was something in there you were allergic too." Hannibal asked, running warm fingers through Will's hair. He smiles, leaning into the all but comforting touch.

"I'm fine. I guess I just forgot to explain my condition. I have narcolepsy, it's where at times I randomly fall asleep." Will explained. "I can't really control it, and well...sorry I put a damper on our date. It shouldn't have gone this way."

"On the contrary, this is far more interesting than how I perceived our date to go, dear Will. Please, tell me more." Hannibal smiles, sitting down next to Will when he scoots over on the bed.

"Oh...well..."

And that hits it off, Hannibal continues to visit Will at his work daily, while also bringing along something for Will to eat for lunch, and when the shop is closed, Will spends another afternoon wig Hannibal. It's not even a week before their both already daring, and a month later Hannibal pops the bubble.

"Will you marry me?" Hannibal asks, kneeling down on one knee in the animal shelter Will often always visits during the weekends, small and big dogs sniffing around him, and butting their heads with him.

"Yes." Will gasps, smiling when Hannibal stands to encircle his arms around Will, and lift him off the ground. He laughs at the man's excitement, and kisses Hannibal back.

The dogs surrounding the woof, and wag their tails thinking they'll get a treat for being good. And like in every fairy tale, there is always the villain who tries to destroy the lovers and separate them. But in this case the villain is not but a person, and more of suspicion.

Two days.

Two days that Hannibal has been gone on a 'business' trip. When Will woke up today, late in the afternoon, he found that Hannibal had sent him a text saying he will be home later that day. So Will waits, and waits. The dogs, seven to be exact, mill around their master, tongues lolling out of their mouths when Will leans down and pets them once in a while. It's about late at night when the door opens up, and Will, surprisingly is wide awake waiting for his husband, of two years, in the kitchen.

"Will...your awake." Hannibal says, surprised written all over his face. Will's already frowning frown deepens.

"Hannibal, we need to talk. I know I'm not the nicest husband, I get grumpy in the morning, and never clean up after myself. And there were those times when I fell asleep during our...intimate times together. But...damnit! What I'm trying to get at is...are you cheating on me?"

CLUNK

Hannibal drops his suit jacket, suitcase, and everything else he's holding in his arms. His mouth is wife open, and he looks perplexed like Will just straight out slapped him. For a man who has absolute control over his everyday life, he looks lost. He takes only one step forward before he's falling to his knees, rubbing soothing circles against Will's thighs, while murmuring something in Lithuanian.

"English, Hannibal." Will snaps, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Will, my sweet lovely Will, light of my love, love of my light, I would be but a fool to ever cross you behind your back. I would never be as so low to cheat on you. Please do forgive me for being so secret, I had wish to not get you involved with my work, it can be very dangerous."

"Hannibal you work as a psychiatrist. How dangerous could that be?"

"No, Will that is just a disguise. I...come I'll show you."

Hannibal stands up straight, taking Will's hand, and moving them to the study room. Or what Will calls, their personal library. For the room is so large and vast, will bookcases that reach as high as the ceiling, and has two stories. Hannibal moves him to a secluded section of books, and pushes two aside showing a red button, and when he presses it the bookshelves move away to show a hidden room.

"How many rooms do we have in this house!?" Will gasp, seeing as guns and other weapons litter the wall, along with maps and other papers with red circles all over them. Hannibal motions to a screen at the end of the room, which lights up and shows coordinates in Vinci, France. Along with a picture of a few men with large X's over them.

"I get it...your a hitmen? Right?"

"No, dear Will, but close. I am an agent for an underground organization where we get rid of men who are out to harm the would. Or on a nice way to put it, a spy." Hannibal explains, shyly looking away from Will's gaze as his lover takes everything in all at once.

"Oh....so is that why you weren't mad at me when I fell asleep on our second anniversary? Were you killing people! Hanni, that's murder, shat of you had gotten caught!" Will stutters, hands flapping around as his mind jumps to an immediate train of bad thoughts. Hannibal grasp both of Will's hands tightly, but not hard enough to bruise, kisses both of the knuckles and then kisses Will's forehead.

" Will I promise you, the men I'm killing deserve it. They are terrible people who kill the innocent, are drug lords, and do human trafficking." Hannibal explains, rubbing soothing

circles to into Will's back. "And I wouldn't be such a fool as to get caught in the act, I've been doing this for years, love. Before I met you, and fell endlessly in love."

Will makes an exaggerated gagging noise when Hannibal kisses his curls, nuzzling his nose into them. Hannibal chuckles, and places a hand on Will's cheek, lifting his face up to kiss him.

"How about I make it up to you, and take the whole family on a trip to a nice beach resort. I know you've been wanting to go somewhere warm." Hannibal muses.

"Fine. As long as you, and I, do not get caught up into some kidnapping scheme then we can go."

"Will, I would never let you get kidnapped."

" Liar." Will hissed, as he was currently tied to a chair with a blindfold on.

He shifted once more testing the bindings on him and, yep there was no way he was going to get out of this one, he groaned leaning back into the chair. Awaiting his captors arrival Will rethinks how his day went.

When the sun had risen Will had waken to a warm naked body next to his own, dozing around in Hannibal's warms.  His husband had began kissing trails up Will's neck, only to be stopped by both of their growling stomach's. Breakfast was a good warm plate of eggs, ham, toast, and some other things Will hadn't bothered to remember as he wolfed down the food. Once they were dressed Hannibal and Will had taken the digs down to the beach, where they played a long game of fetch and tag. Hannibal had even forgone his cleanliness to wrestle with some of the bigger dog's, who wouldn't give the stick back to him.

And then when dinner rolled around, they sat in a restaurant not too far away, awaiting their meal. Hannibal had only stepped out for a second to answer a phone call, and Will had taken one sip of his wine before suddenly falling asleep.

Now he sat, cold and miserable tied to a chair, waiting to either be saved or to die. He hoped Hannibal would come soon. Suddenly, there was a sound, at first there was yelling and then gun's were being fired. Will yelped as his chair fell over from trying to move out of the line of fire. More yells and shots fired, and then silence.

"My dear sleeping beauty, you look so ravaging in those bindings." Hannibal growls playfully into Will's ear, as he leans over him. Will shudders beneath Hannibal's body, he can smell the blood and gun powder on him, and he is so NOT ready to get hard in a place like this.

"Hannibal we cab discuss your strange kinks in bed later, but for right now you are going to untie me, and we are going back home. Immediately." Will growls, while Hannibal takes the blindfold off, and cuts the ropes on his wrist. Will rubs at the redness, and gives Hannibal a nice slap to the check when he leans down for a kiss.

"I probably deserved that."

"Uh-huh. Now, carry me back to the house like the shining knight in armour you are, and let's get drunk so much we fall asleep on the couch."

"As you wish, my sleeping beauty." Hannibal leans down, leftwing Will up bridal style with such ease, it's a wonder how much the man does just to stay fit. And walks out of the dark building into the night with his lover.

Chapter End Notes

As always kudos and comments are loved, don't forget to check out my other works.

Next with be the Little Mermaid, which has a lot of chase scenes.

# The Little Mermaid

Chapter Summary

Hannibal Lecter, the new swim couch is an...odd man.

Chapter Notes

Slightly short, sorry I didn't have time

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal Lecter, the new swim couch is an...odd man.

That's what everyone says about him, in hushed whispers and when he's never around. When he was first exchanged into the Baltimore University everyone had been excited to meet him, that is until they found out he did not talk. At all. He smiled, and nodded, but never said a word. Somehow the students could understand him when he couched, and used odd hand symbols.

'Such a strange man he is, never says a word. Do you think he's mute?'

'I heard he's never spoken a single word when he got to America.'

Not only does the man never speak, he also never wears any clothing. Okay, well that's half true. But the man comes to class everyday wearing nothing but a speedo, sometimes he'll have a jacket on. Other than that he gives everyone a nice good look at his body, and HOT DAMN is that a body.

Strong cheekbones, silvering blonde hair, and a body built like a Greek statute. Not a single person on campus could fail to not fall to his charms. Or so everyone thinks.

Will Graham, top English professor in the University, and also one of the meanest and hardest classes you'll ever take. The first time a kid walks into his class, their usually put off with his soft brown curls and lost blue puppy eyes. But don't let his looks fool you, he's mean as a dog and bites when someone gets close to him.

So that's why when he finally meets the swim teacher for the first time he has an almost shocking reaction, to both Hannibal and the other teachers.

"Wait. Do you seriously walk around naked all day?" He asks, staring quizzically at the tall European swim coach.

Hannibal just smiles, and shrugs at his question. He wouldn't really call himself naked, since no one has really called him out, and no one seems to mind. Meanwhile, the other teachers send death glares towards Will, who either doesn't notice or doesn't care, at how blunt and rude he was being. Once again.

"Wow. You either are really blunt, or really brave to choose walking around in a Speedo." Will shrugs, taking up his bitter drink and paperwork, before leaving the lounge.

Hannibal doesn't hear the calming words coming from the other teachers, as they apologize for Will's actions, describing how Will has always been very rude and mean to everyone. Hannibal just stares at where Will left, because right then and there he knows what it's like to love. To fall suddenly but inevitably for a man so hard, and sudden that it's like a big long slap to the face.

Hannibal then and there decides his choice.

He must have Will Graham be his.

It starts slow, and unnoticeable. But soon, Will starts noting the roses that are being left on his desk, or the warm meals made for him with a note stating, "For Will, my beloved." He tosses the roses, but eats the warm meals, and oh god are they the best damn meals he's ever eaten before. He doesn't even care that someone is trying to get his attention, because right now this chocolate cake needs to be eaten.

More elaborate meals are delivered. And soon bouquets of roses, and other assortment of flowers start finding themselves on his desk.

He thinks it's the students playing a joke.

"Alright, before we begin the listen I need to make this clear. Whoever is leaving roses, and food on my desk needs to stop. It's not a funny joke, okay. You're grown ups, learn to act your age." Will states, watching the students movements for anyone who might be the criminal of the crime. No one budges, but their interest peak.

"Maybe one of the teachers are trying to get you to go on a date with them." A girl calls out, some of the kids chuckle while others are serious.

"I'll believe it when I see it, but so far I don't think anyone wants to date me. Back to the lesson..."

Meals he's never seen before show up on his desk, and the meals are made with such dedication and art he almost doesn't want to eat them. He does. The flowers still continue to come in, and some have a few skulls and gifts in them. His mind begins reeling with thoughts, and questions.

Who?

Why?

He forms a plan, he'll wait all night until morning comes to find the culprit of the act.

He falls asleep at midnight, but wakes up when he he's his class door open. His jaw drops at the sight before him, standing tall and proud in his Speedo and jacket is none other than, Hannibal Lecter. The man that has all the teachers and students running to have a grab at, and the mysterious foreigner who waltzed right into the school. He looks at Will, and drops the flowers and meal.

Both stare gaping at each other, before Hannibal's gears start churning and he makes a run for. Will isn't too far behind him, but clearly the man in front knows his way around the school, because he's turning down corners faster than Will can register.

And then it comes to the point where Will notices at last minute that Hannibal ran into the pool room. He gets an eyeful of Hannibal throwing his jacket off, and diving down into the bottom of the pool. It also looks as if the swim couch is trying to hold his breath long enough to outlast Will's patience, as it appears the mam is not going to be swimming back up.

"Are you kidding me right now?" Will huffs, as he begins to remove his shoes and clothing. Once he gets to his underwear, he jumps in after the swim coach.

Hannibal probably didn't expect him to dive after him, because the man's eyes go side at the sight of Will, and he swims away from him. And holy hell, can that man swim. Will chases him from one end to another, but it's like he's trying to swim after a dolphin or shark. And in no time he's out of breath, and just opts to floating in the cool pool. He decides to play as bait, bait that's waiting go get caught by a shark.

He feels the waters ripple around him, as Hannibal decides to surface next to him. Will waits, waits, and then he attacks. He grabs Hannibal's shoulders, clinging onto the man as he struggles.

"Hannibal-stop! I just want to talk!" Will cries out, sputtering when water hits his face. After a few more minutes of crying out, and stubbornly holding into Hannibal. The man gives up, and swims them back to the wall so they can sit of a solid surface.

"So those flowers and meals were....for me? Like you actually want to go on a...date...with me?" Will pokes, a heavy silence has settled over them for a bit too long, and he just has to pop the bubble.

Hannibal's face turns a dark shade of red, he turns away shyly and nods his head. Will can't help but smile, never has anyone tried to get close to him, or even tried to date him. People had learned to just stand away and admire his beauty, but never get close enough to have their fingers bitten at. But for some ungodly reason Hannibal did, he chose to break through Will's walls, chose to get close to him, ignoring any of his lashes. Hannibal had chosen to hug the beast instead of scorn and run away from him.

"I think we should start over. Hi, I'm Will Graham, it's nice to meet you Hannibal." Will smiles, holding out a hand for the other man.

Hannibal turns his head back to him, and smiles. When he takes Will's hand in his, he completely ignores social concepts of hand shakes, and pulls Will in for a kiss. Will's startled yelp goes muffled, as he starts to kiss Hannibal back. Turning his head slightly as to deepen

the kiss. And when he opens his mouth for Hannibal, god is the thing's that he's doing with his tongue illegal.

"We should move. Unless we want to get caught by the other teachers, or worse, students." Will mumbles, moving away from Hannibal so he can breathe and stand up. Hannibal nods his head, and stands up with Will, but continues to kiss and nuzzle at Will.

The ride to Will's house was not as bad as he expected it to go, with Hannibal continuously trying to grab and kiss him. However, when they arrived to the house, and fell onto the bed, that…was another story.

"Hahaha!! Han-haha! Hannibal, stop!" Will laughed. The swim couch, for some ungodly reason had found am interest in Will's feet, mainly his toes, and had been nonstop tickling him for the past thirty minutes. "Stoooop! Haaaanni!"

Hannibal released his foot, while a goofy grin had stuck to his face the entire time. Will laid back huffing, and puffing as he tried to catch his breath, and his ribs began to ache. The bed dipped as Hannibal moved to lean over Will, and nuzzle against his curls.

"So is that a European thing? Where if someone invites you to bed, you begin tickling the hell out of them, instead of have sex with them?" Will huffed, returning a goofy smile back to Hannibal, who frowned at Will's words, and shook his head. "Oh, so only you do it? Gosh, Hannibal you really are a weirdo."

Hannibal glared and pointed over to the seven dog beds Will had laid out for his dogs.

"Having seven dogs is not weird, Hannibal. It's a common thing for people to-hey what are you doing with my leg...Hannibal! No! Don't-HAHAHA!"

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and Comments are loved

I promise the next day will be longer, "Beauty and the Beast" which involves some Demon Will

# Beauty and the Beast

Chapter Summary

Day 6- Beauty and the Beast:"Don't go too far, Hannibal, or else the Beast that lives in the woods will snatch you up and eat you." His mother told him every time he left the house.

Chapter Notes

Ah, yeah another day: thank you for all the comments and kudos they reqlly make my day.

Today is Beauty and the Beast which involves deals, and strange stages, also Devil Will

Warnings: I don't think there really is any

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A cold sickness had plagued the town, for weeks people had began to cough and hack, skin turning a ghastly white, blood flowing randomly from their noses, until one night they would scream and holler at the moon. And when the sun came up, they were dead as a doornail.

Hannibal had been ordered to stay in the castle gates with Mischa.

"Don't go too far, Hannibal, or else the Beast that lives in the woods will snatch you up and eat you." His mother told him every time he left the house.

"Mama, that is an old wives tale." Hannibal cried back, his mother glared at him for his response and he said no more.

Everyone in town knew the story of the Beast which haunted the forest near their town in Lithuania. The townsfolk feared it like a follower of God would fear his wrath. Kids had been told and reminded of the story through their life, sometimes kids would push or dare each other to go into the woods. Their bravery would never last long, as they would often catch sight of some hulking black mass wandering through the woods, or hear a terrific roar that sent them running.

Hannibal was not like other kids who believed in the tale, each day he would look out into the forest to see if he could spot the Beast lurking. He never did, and soon the story would

flow past his ears when it was retold. Mischa, however still believed in the story, then again she was five years younger than Hannibal was, and had a very, very active imagination.

"I saw him! I saw him!" She cried out to Hannibal one afternoon, running into his room and wrapping her arms around his waist.

"Oh, yeah? What did he look like, was he big and scary, too ugly too look at that you came running to me?" Hannibal joked, smiling down at his little sister.

"No, Hanni, no! He was the most majestic thing I've ever seen, he had antlers growing out if his head that were taller than the tree, and darker than black feathers around his neck." She explained, hands flying everywhere, before dropping to her side like her expression. "He looked...sad, when I saw his eyes. They looked sad and lonely, and then he saw me and ran."

Hannibal frowned at what his sister explained, it sounded like an everyday, ordinary deer that lived in the woods. But the way her eyes sparked when she explained it, made it sound almost possible. He heard a small cough come from Mischa, quickly raising a hand to her forehead to check her temperature. She was cold.

"Come, let's get you a warm bath. You shouldn't be out playing in the snow while the fever is ransacking our town."

"Okay, Hanni."

Hannibak had never believed in Hell, nor had he ever believed in the Devil. But when the next day came, he woke up to the feeling dread. Not because it was still cold out, but because his sister had caught the fever. She hacked and coughed, harder than her tiny lungs could handle, shivering under bundles of warm blankets. It was a living nightmare.

When the doctor left her room, he shook his head at Hannibal's parents and said, "She is sick with the fever. I'm not sure how she could have gotten it, she was so healthy. I'm not sure we'll be able to find a cure for her before she...dies."

His mother sobbed, and his father grew angry before breaking down with racks of tears. Hannibal stood in his doorway, and listened. He did not cry, nor did he shed a single tear. His heart ached for his sister, but he knew who had given her the fever. He knew what he had to do.

When night had fallen, Hannibal packed himself a bag, pulled on his heaviest coat and left the house. The woods stared him down as he entered them, but he kept his head up and marched on, and on, and on he went through the Beast's woods. He saw no monster there, but he did see many other animals who lived in the woods.

And then he came to a stop.

Hairs on the back of his neck began to stand up straight, as he felt haunting eyes stare holes through him. Hannibal swallowed, and spoke loudly to the Beast.

"Show yourself, Beast! You have given my sister the terrible sickness that haunts my village, and I have come her to make a deal." He called out.

Silence met him.

And then out if a bramble of bushes came a curious stag, it sniffed the air and came towards Hannibal. Something seemed off about the stag, with it's black fur, and piercing blue eyes. But he felt no danger radiate fr the creature. It's wet nose grazed his cheek, as it's tongue poked out to taste him. Hannibal smiled and laughed, pushing the deeds nose away.

"Hey, I'm trying to find the Beast here, not be tickled." He smiled. "You wouldn't just so happen to know where the beast lived would you?"

The stag titled his head, like he was thinking about the question. Then turned away, and like a human would motioned with it's antlers for Hannibal to follow. The boy did, he had followed the stab through cold rivers, and harsh thorny bushes, until finally it stopped in front of something.

Hannibal gasped at the sight before him.

It was a ruin castle, so dark it blended perfectly with the surrounding night. In front of him stood the tall haunting gates to the castles entrance, they were too high for him to climb. When he turned his head to ask the stag a question, he found only himself to be standing in front of the gates. Frowning, Hannibal tested to see if the gates were locked.

They weren't.

Sliding past the gates, Hannibal walked past the stone statues in the court yard, and through the ominous doors to the castle. Only darkness met him inside, no candles burned, no movement but his own disturbed the dust which had collected on everything. There was no Beast to be seen, but a cold, empty home.

" Why have you come seeking my presence, boy?" A voice boomed, shaking the whole presence of the castle. Hannibal cringed at the harsh grating voice, collecting himself before speaking.

"I am no boy, Beast. I am Hannibal Lecter the VIII, and I have come here to save my sister. She has fallen I'll of the fever, and you are the one who will fix her." Hannibal answered, calm and clear.

There was silence, and then laughter erupted from the Beast. Hannibal's shoulders fell slightly in despair, what if he was to be eating for coming all the way out here?

"You are braver than the men in your town yo come seeking my assistance, but you are foolish for coming here." It snarled.

"You are the Beast which plagues my town with fear, you are the reason for my sisters sickness. Why would I not come here?"

"Do you really believe that I am the Beast? A hideous monster which slaughters and consumes your towns people. I must say, boy, you are very wrong. Here let me shed some light for you."

What he expected was harsh stomps of footsteps to come near, and an ugly face to appear in the light. Instead he heard the soft steps of shoes, and his own breath quickening at the sight before him. There was no monster that stood in the moonlight, no, it was a handsome man. With dark curls covering his face, soft pale skin that looked easy to bruise. He was no monster.

"You are not the Beast..."

"Look again, boy." He smiled.

Leaning forward, Hannibal gasped at what he saw in the man's smile. From afar the man's teeth were white like the moon, but up close he could see the shreds of flesh, and dried blood that covered them. When he looked into his eyes, he saw deep blue oceans stating back at him, hinted with a bit of sadness. Hannibal moved backwards, tripping over his feat, and falling on his ass.

"You are a monster, but you are only human." He stated.

The man tsked, and shook his head. "Yes and no. I am very much a monster that is whispered through the town, and I am no man. I am what certain people call a serpent, the hoofed legged man, the black goat, or most commonly known as, the Devil."

Hannibal moved quickly, he pushed off the ground, and began to run towards the way he came. The monster behind him laughed loudly, and stalled behind the boy. Hannibal ran, and ran, faster than he ever thought he could, he had to get home, or at least far away from the monster behind him. Sadly, he did not notice the tree toot sticking up, and tripped, rolling down the deep snowy hill and crashing into a tree.

"Now, now, Hannibal, that is no way to treat your elders is it? How very rude of you young man." The monster snickered, grabbing Hannibal by the shirt, and lifting him from the ground. Hannibal kicked and punched, but nothing seemed to affect the monster's hold on him.

"Let me go! I won't tell anyone who you are, I'll go home and stay quiet."
Please, just let me go!" Hannibal cried out.

"Now why should I believed a little brat like you, I remember the last time someone promised me that, and soon no would come wandering into the woods because of some 'beast' that lived in the woods." He hissed. "Besides you came here to make a deal, so let's make a deal."

Hannibal began to sob. He couldn't handle all the emotions that were running through his brain, the fear that made his heart race, and the thought if his sister dying broke his heart. He cried, holding hands up to his face so the monster couldn't see him cry.

There was a soft sigh, and soon Hannibal was being wrapped in warm fabrics and arms. When he had a goof hold of himself, he looked up to see that the monster he had been running from was holding him. Like a mother would do after her child hurt themselves, and was crying. A soft tune emitted from his throat, as he cradled Hannibal to his warm chest.

"I apologies for my rudeness, it has been years since I last spoke to a human. Especially a child, and I am a bit rusty on my peoples skills." He sighed, rubbing soothing circles against Hannibal's back.

"Why have you not killed me yet?"

"Let's discuss this somewhere warmer, where you will not freeze to death on me." He groaned, standing back up, as he continued to hold Hannibal in his arms.

Hannibal was quiet as the beast held him all the way back to the castle, when he entered the ruined home the lights had suddenly spark with fire and light. Hannibal watched in amazement as the monster snapped his fingers, and the fireplace in the library erupted with flames. He was then settled down onto a couch, and handed a warm cup of hot coco.

"What is your name?" Hannibal asked, after the silence had started to grow.

The man looked startled by the question, like Hannibal just asked him to do the unspeakable. He looked the kid up and down, eyeing to see if the question was but a joke, when he saw nothing he turned back towards the fire.

"Why do you want to know what my name is?"

"My mother always told me it is rude, not to know who your talking to name is, and I have learned that rudeness will get you no where."

The man snorted, and looked down at his own drink to frown.

"Will. You may call me Will."

"Will..." Hannibal let's the foreign name slide off his tongue, then looks back up to the man. "So...about that deal."

"Ah, yes, the deal. Now before you ask, no I won't be taking you soul. That only happens for....certain deals. You only want to heal your sister, that I can give you with ease, but there will be a price." Will explained smoothly, like he's been over and over with the contracting business. "But the question is, will you accept the deal?"

"I would do anything for my sister."

"The price is a life for a life. I will give you the item needed to cure your sister, but on return you will stay here, and live with me."

"Live with you! No, I can't, I have a family and country that needs me, I-"

"A life for a life, Hannibal. I'll let you think about it, you have until the sun rises, when you have made your choice, call my name and I will be there." He sighed, then stood and set his cup to the side. "While you think I will have to step out for a minute, there's a man out there cursing at me for his own mistakes. Please excuse me."

Hannibal blinked, and suddenly Will was gone, vanished from thin air. He sat quietly on the couch, he watched as a fox family padded past him. The mother sniffed at his shoes, but dismissed him as being neither predator or prey and walked away with her yipping pups.

He sighed, and moved around the library before slipping out, and exploring the land of the monster he was about to make a deal with. He noticed how small and big animals have taken yo living in the house, sensing no fear or snarls whenever Hannibal passed by them. Clearly they were being taken care of. as he passed a large brown bear and saw that one of it's paws were wrapped.

When he finished exploring the house he went back into the library, the fire was still alive when he sat back on the couch. He sniffed, and called out for the Devil.

"Mischa....Mischa...Mischa wake up."

The small girl opened her eyes to see her older brother standing over her, she coughed and smiled up at him. Hannibal tried to give her a smile back, but she could tell there was strain in it. He pulled a bottle out of his pocket, and handed it to her.

"Drink this. You'll feel better." He spoke softly.

"Hanni, where are you going?" She asked, sipping the sweet tasting drink.

"What are you talking about, Mischa?" Tears began to form in Hannibal's eyes, but he held them back.

"Hanni...did you make a deal?" She whispered the last part, almost like it was a curse. He shook his head, and held her tightly, kissing her forehead and cheeks, before slipping out of the room.

When the morning came, Mischa's sickness had lifted, and Hannibal was no where to be seen.

Many many years

Mischa had grown up to be a lovely young woman, all the men flocked to get her attention, but often than not she would get distracted by any animals that wandered past her path. She had taken up horse riding and fell in love with the freedom that went along with riding horses. At night's her heart ached for her brother who went missing, some how she never believed that he was dead, some how she knew he was alive. But she could never voice her opinion, because her parents were still broken about his lost.

But today was not a day to be thinking about such a thing, she was riding on her favorite mare through the woods. The green leaves reflected little light, and made everything seem so

surreal. Dancer, her horse, paced slowly through the trees, as she stared in wonder at the sight all around her. Laughing when a butterfly flapped passed her face.

And then she saw something extraordinary.

There before a large oak tree sat a man, wearing nicely tailored three piece suit, with his ashen blond hair neatly combed out of his face. But that wasn't the part that threw her off, no it was the massive black stag that was laying down next to the man. Almost like a dog would do when his master was asleep.

The stag seemed to have a sixth sense, as it lifted it's head towards Mischa, and snorted at her. It then procedded to get up, and leave the man who was apparently sketching alone. He looked up at Mischa, and then stood up. Mischa got off her horse, and walked over.

"Hello, sorry for ruining your art moment with the stag, does um...do all the animals come near humans on these parts of the woods?" She asked the man. He smiled.

"Not necessarily, I've lived here most of my life, and the animals have gotten use to my presence. That stag is a childhood friend of mine, although he can be a bit...stubborn to humans." He explained with ease, tucking the sketch book under his arm. "Would you like a drink, my house is not that far from here?"

She did feel a little parched. And at the sound of a drink Dancer snorted and nudged her shoulder.

"Alright, big girl. Yes, I would love to have a drink, and I think Dancer would too." She smiled.

The man led them on foot to a house-no wait that was not a house. What she thought would be a regular cottage had turned pit to be an enormous castle hiding in the woods. When she walked through the gates she gasped, seeing as the man had many forest animals dozing, and grazing around in the home. There was even a family of foxes their, and-is that a bear?

The man, who she had not asked for his name, walked trough the castle grounds with ease. Showing her where the stables were, so Dancer could have a drink and eat some grains, weirdly there were no other horses there. But she shrugged it off, and followed the man to the kitchen.

"By the way I never got your name, Mr...?" She asked, sipping at the fresh glass of water that was handed to her.

"Hannibal. Hannibal Lecter." He said with cool ease, pouring himself a glass if wine.

CRASH

Mischa has dropped the glass, staring empty at the man before her. He raised an eyebrow at her, and procedded to go clean the mess up. Only to be stopped by arms wrapping around him in a hug, the girl began to cry into his shoulder.

"Um..."

"Han...Hannibal is it really you, my big brother? It-It's me Mischa." She sobbed. The was a quick intake of breath, he pulled her away to get a better look. And he was astonished to see that it really was his beloved sister, who he had left for the deal years ago.

"M....Mischa." he stuttered. Beginning to cry as well. Both siblings hugged each other, as they cried in joy to be reunited with one another.

"Hannibal! What the Hell, I thought we agreed on no more smashing tea cups. What are you up-oh."

A man dressed in a neat suit, but colored in only black walked into the kitchen. His brown curls swinging wildly on his head, as they covered his lovely blue eyes. He stopped right at the entrance when he saw th he two, clearing his throat to get their attentions.

"Am I...missing something here? I've only gone down to the lake, and you're replacing me with someone. How charming." He snarled.

Hannibal pulled back and smiled, leaving Mischa to kiss the curly hair man on the head, and entwined their fingers together.

"Mischa, I'd like you to meet my lover Will. Will, this is ny little sister Mischa." Hannibal introduced.

The man, Will, looked back and forth between the two, having to squint his eyes before his kind clicked into place. His mouth opened as if he wanted to say something, but then it closed and he smiled.

"I see. We should invite her to dinner then. It appears we have much catching up to do." He said, leaning into Hannibal's touch.

"Yes, we do."

Cut Out Scene Because I Didn't Have Time To Add This All In

Will had been sitting out in the the courtyard all afternoon, fussing over some contracts he was trying to seal or something. Honestly, Hannibal hadn't listened to a word he spoke, to busy focusing on the book he was reading. He still held a bit of resentment towards the man, but slowly it slid away from him.

Will had been nothing but kind to Hannibal, allowing him to his most private parts of the library to read from the vast selection. Even some of the animals had taken a liking to the new resident in the house.

But still during some nights, Hannibal found himself crying himself to sleep. Often or not he would fall asleep from exhaustion, but he could always feel a pair of warm arms wrap around him, and a soft hushed tune being hummed.

He looked out the window to see Will hissing at the papers, and scribbling something furiously. Sighing he left the book, marking his page for whenever he would return, and went out to the court yard to have a little fun.

When Will had first been pelted by the snowball he froze, never having anyone throw a ball of snow at him he had no clue what was happening. And then another ball was thrown at him, knocking the papers out of his grasp. He turned to Hannibal's smuggled face and glared. Hard.

The boy smiled, pretending he had done nothing wrong, and just shrugged at him.

Will turned to grab the papers, only to be pelted by two more snowballs. And hearing Hannibal's laughter.

"Oh, you think that's funny don't you." Will growled, forming his own snowball. "Well take that!"

He threw a snowball at Hannibal, who laughed until he was pelted in the stomach. Hannibal glared back at Will who was laughing tremendously, until snow hit his face. Both glared at each other as an all out war had began.

Snow was throw from all directions, and small forts had been made to keep them sheltered. Will hid himself in the shadows as he snuck over to Hannibal's side of the court yard, and began to pile up a bundle of snow. Forming one massive snowball he used to throw at Hannibal, but when he went to throw it the boy was no where to be seen. Unfortunately, for him the snow could not hold for long, and his master plan fell onto his head.

Hannibal appeared from behind the tree laughing at Will. Will glared, and lunged at Hannibal dragging him down into the snow and tickling at the boy's rubes. He didn't stop until Hannibal's face was red, and he was begging to be let go.

When Hannibal caught his breath, he punched Will in the shoulder, hard. But only received snickers from the Devil. They sat in the snow until the moon was rising, talking and making little snow animals. When Will caught Hannibal shivering from the cold winds, he pushed the boy into the library. Lighting the fire, and making a warm brew of tea for them to enjoy. Hannibal sat on the sofa reading his unfinished book, as Will walked in with tea cups.

"Hey!" Hannibal cried out when the full body weight of Will fell on top of him. The man glimpsing at the book, before closing his eyes and resting on Hannibal's chest. "Get off of me!"

"I'm tired. Trying to amuse a human boy all day is hard work, Hannibal. You're also very cold, I don't want you to get sick." Will justified, wrapping arms around Hannibal to snuggle closer to him.

"Yeah, right. Weirdo." Hannibal mumbled, going back to reading his book.

"What are you reading?" Will pipped up, fingers twiddling with a loose string on Hannibal's shirt.

"A fairy tale, it's about this prince who was cursed into a monster, and ran away because everyone rejected him. He lived alone in his massive castle, until one day a stranger cane

asking for help. The prince wouldn't let them go back home, and they had to stay in the castle but slowly they fell in love."

"Sounds like a cheap fairy tale to me."

"You have no taste in books then."

"Hey, I have great taste in things. Maybe they are not to your standards, but they are a pert of my life."

"Not to mention your taste in clothing in awful."

"You know, most people wouldn't thinking about backing talking to the Devil himself, often finding themselves to wake up the next morning without a tongue."

"I guess I'm just an exception then."

Will sighed, keeping his eyes closed like he was deep in thought. This went on for a few more minutes before Hannibal noticed, it was like Will was dreaming and yet he wasn't.

"What are you doing?" Hannibal poked.

"I'm visiting my mind palace." Will responded flatly. Hannibal frowned not sure if this was a joke, or the actual thing.

"Care to elaborate?"

"My mind palace is a great big castle in my head, filled with many doors and paths leading yo my memories. Here I form new ones, and sometimes visit the older ones."

"Oh....what's it like in there now?"

"Cold...and lonely."

"Well maybe that will change as the years go by."

"Maybe."

The two continued to lay on the couch, Will curling up next to Hannibal, as the kid read silently. sipping his tea every once in awhile, making sure bot to disturb Will's task it wasn't until later were they were both fast asleep holding each other safely.

Chapter End Notes

As always kudos and comments are loved.

Tomorrow is "Aladdin" not my favorite choice, but the movie was funny. So do expect some laughter to cone with the next day.

# Aladdin

Chapter Summary

Day 7- Aladdin: When Will Graham turns 20, and is about one foot out the door to the path known as college, he finds himself staring quizzically at the tea set his father just handed him. "Whatever you do don't clean it, and don't let anyone see it." His father told him before shutting the door to go back drinking.

Chapter Notes

Haha, I have no idea how I'm able to jeep up with al of this, bit I am. Also kudos to anyone who noticed the Supernatural reference I used in the last chapter.

Today is "Aladdin" which involves a mean old genie Hannibal!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In the Graham's families lifetime there has always been a certain gift passed down generation, to generation. The child never knows what the gift is until they receive it on there 20th birthday, and given with direct orders not to clean it. What is the gift you maybe be asking, well it is but a simple tea set. Made of bone white China and an intricate design of black stages on it.

To others who see the prize possession they fall immediately in love with the set, attempting the Graham family to pull the set out wash it up, and use it for tea. However, to the Graham family it is only for display. That's why after years of keeping the tea set from anyone's grasp, they finally settle on just having the set hidden from anyone's view.

So when Will Graham turns 20, and is about one foot out the door to the path known as college, he finds himself staring quizzically at the tea set his father just handed him. "Whatever you do don't clean it, and don't let anyone see it." His father told him before shutting the door to go back drinking.

So Will just shrugs, tosses the tea set into a half opened box, and leaves for collage.

He goes through life like any child frowning up with an alcoholic father would, with pain and work. He works all day, and all night, slipping into classes to listen and learn. Passing each test with flying colors, and paying the student debt slowly by ever inch. Each night he falls asleep wishing his life would get better, and when he wakes up he wishes that the day would go well.

It never does.

It isn't until he has caught him a spot in a teaching chair for the FBI academy, the payment isn't that good, but he gets past the days. And when he comes home it's to seven happy mutts, a constant reminder of why he works so hard each day, so his family can wat and continue living in his isolated home.

Then the time comes.

Will has a day off, and instead of doing what normal people usually do when they have a day off, Will spends it by cleaning up the upstairs. Since he never uses the bedroom up there, and it some how became a storage for all his junk and nick-nacks. So he starts pulling boxes out, and setting them downstairs, going through each content and setting the aside the ones that can be sold, from the ones that are trash.

"Weird...I remember you." Will mutters to himself. In the box he had opened lies a few set, made of bone white China, and has black stages embedded into it. There's also a crap tone of dust that covers them.

Picking up the tea pot, Will examines it looking for any clue as to where his family had gotten the set in the first place. Smudged onto one side is some kind of writing, but it's so dusty he can barely read it. Using his thumb, Will begins to wipe off the dust to see the writing. Only to find the tea pot suddenly scalding hot, and rumbling in his hands.

Will sets the pot down, yelping, as he looks down at his burned hands.

"It appears you might be in need of some medical assistance." A voice speaks to him.

"Well nah shit, SherlOCK!!" When Will looks up he does not expect to see a half naked man standing in front of him. No, he doses not expect that at all, nor does he expect the man to have strange blue markings on his chest that are MOVING around!

So Will opts for the normal human reaction to what happens to you when your centuries old tea pot, suddenly has a half naked man appearing out if it.

He faints.

Or running, that would have been another reaction, but Will instead chose to go through the passing out side.

"If you ever choose to faint in me like that again, please try and give me a signal so I can catch you. Try not to move around too much, your head is still healing, from the wooden floor you tragically felt had the sense to catch you." A voice scorns Will, as he regains consciousness.

Will groans as he finds himself laying on his bed, and then starts gawking at the man next to him. This time instead of fainting he takes in the man's appearance. He's handsome, to be honest, built like a Greek statue, with high cheekbones and a strong muscular body. But that's nit what really catches Will's eye.

Nor do the moving tattoos.

No, it's the man's dark colored eyes, or rather eye, since his other eye has been mauled by an animal or something. Because there's a long scar that rubs from his forehead right down to his cheek, and Will has to stop himself from gasping at the sight.

"Try and keep your mouth closed Will, I've heard that flies are not as tasty as they appear." He chides.

"How do you know my name?"

"Ah, yes you're going to be one of those people, very well. Will Graham, I am Hannibal Lecter a dinjiin, or most commonly know as a genie. I have been living in that tea pot for many years, because your line of blood has kept me stuck in that little Hell hole over there." He explained, slightly motioning to the tea pot on the table. "And now that you have opened the seal I am free for the time being, until I grant you three wishes, then I will be free."

"Oh....so it's like Aladdin?" Will stated, Hannibal raised an eyebrow at him. "It's a movie, about-you know what, nevermind, that's not the point of this conversation. So, what your saying is that you've been living in this itty bitty living space for, how long?"

"Approximately, for hundreds of years." He answered like someone would when they were talking about the weather.

"Jeez! That's...wow...that's crazy. Kudos for you for actually making it through all those years. How....why were you in there?"

"Your great ancestors had locked ne in there to be used for war, or their own needs. And once there wishes were granted I would be put back into the bottle, awaiting a new master."

"Oh...is there anyway that you could...I don't know, be free?"

"Only if my current master had wished me free."

"I see...well, I'm just going to pretend this whole thing is a dream, and go back to sleep. When I wake up, ny house is going to still be a mess, and I'll have to clean it all up. Probably get a headache, and my back will be sore, but my dogs will be happy I spent time with them." Will drones, laying back down on the bed. "So, goodnight Hannibal, this was a lovely dream, and I will surely be traumatized by it."

"I see, very well, if you wish to pretend I am bot here then I will wait it out. Years being trapped on a small place has taught me nothing hit patience, and also revenge, the best ways to serve pork, and playing the harpsichord." Hannibal replied, getting off the bed to move around the room. "Good night William, when you wake up I promise to still be here, whether you like it or not."

"Whatever you say, Hannibal." Will yawns, as he doses back off into a dreamless nap.

When he wakes up it's almost nighttime, and something smells absolutely D-E-Licious. Wait. Who's cooking?

Will stumbles out of bed, ready to put out any unnecessary fire, and instead finds his dinning table to be set for two, with a lavishly looking pork roast. He can feel his own mouth start to water, just from the sight of the food. And when he glances around he notices that not only is his house cleaned up, but also organized and looking freshly polished. Confused, Will steps into the kitchen only to gawk at the sight of Hannibal standing in his kitchen.

"You're....you're....oh my God." Will walks back out to sit on the couch. Hannibal sets down drinks on the table before walking over to sit down next to Will.

"Is something bothering you, William?" Hannibal asks, and oh can Will hear the smugness in his damn voice.

"Will would be just fine, and of course there's something that's the matter. You're real, and I'm stuck with you for however long, until I make three wishes. Ugh, it's like having another stray to take care of, but this one can talk back." Will groans, covering his groans with a pillow. He glares through the pillow upon hearing Hannibal snicker slightly.

"I must say I am much different from one of your dogs, and am less likely to annoy you. However, if you wish to be rid of me, you could always wish me my own freedom." Hannibal suggested.

"What, and risk having you possibly take revenge upon me, no way. Nice try Hannibal, but you've forgotten that I work for people who make me look into the minds of killers, and they tend to stick with me. So don't even try any funny business with me, because I will know." Will hisses, standing up to move over to the table. He doesn't care that the food might be poisoned, he's hungry. Tired. and irritable. So, he just picks up his silverware, and forks a mouthful into his mouth. Moaning at the wonderful taste the food leaves.

"Oh, I promise you Will, I won't try any funny business with you." Hannibal smiles, seating himself from across Will, as he begins to eat as well.

It turns out that Will actually enjoys Hannibal's company, if not for the man's strange quirks, and motives. Like the one time Will kept hearing some weird noise in his house, and went awol just trying to figure out where the noise was coming from. Only to find himself staring into the tea pot to find Hannibal miniaturized, inside the pot, playing what looked like a harpsichord. Will had Avery long talk with him after he came out.

Other than that Will has enjoyed Hannibal's company. He cooks, cleans, and has a great understanding of the world so they often or not get into very heady arguments about humanity. Sometimes Hannibal will even come with Will on trips to the store, of course the man had to done a new clothe style, as his old one pretty much left him naked.

Many people often ignored their soft banter about which fruit price was better, or what food they were making that not. Will had learned not to mess with Hannibal, when a man had called him out on his atrocious looking suit, next thing he knew the man had a shelf fall on top of him. But there were times when an old lady, or some teenagers, had come over to compliment on how adorable they were being a married couple. The first time it had happened, Will had floundered around not knowing to what to do, so Hannibal stepped in and thanked the girls.

"Hannibal you can't lie to people that we're married. It's not right." Will finally said on the drive back home.

"Why not, we do act the part. Share clothes, cook together, share the same living space. Now all we're missing is the romance and sex."

Will's face had turned such a dark red he was sure that it could be named a new color, he hadn't spoken to Hannibal the rest I'd the night, besides their usually good night. By the next day the incident had been forgotten, and Will was shuffling through his morning routine for work.

Weeks had gone by with Hannibal living with Will, waiting for him to wish something, or slip up. But Will was always smart about the words he chose around Hannibal, he still slightly believed the man wanted revenge for being locked up.

However, there silent companionship did coke to a slight end one day, when Will was in the middle of finishing up a lecture. He hadn't noticed it at first, until Hannibal had waltzed right into his classroom, with a container in hand.

"And that explains why the killer had chosen the-Hannibal! What-what are you doing here." Will gawked, stalking over to the man who had just set the container nearly down on Will's desk.

"You ran off to work today, and in the midst of your haste had forgotten the lunch I made for you. So I decided to coke bring it to you, since you would be busy teaching." Hannibal explained. "Apologise for interrupting your lecture, I'll go back home now."

"Han-no, wait. Come, urgh, stay, okay. I want to have linch with you." Will said, trying to form words without sounding stupid. And the reaction he got from Hannibal was like a blessing, the man's eyes widening slightly as they seemed to sparkle with delight, as he gave Will a bright smile. Then lifted hid hand up to kiss it.

"I would be delighted."

And that kids, is how rumors begin to spread.

All over the building news had began to spread like a wild fire, that Professor Graham was dating some rich hot piece of ass. Some teachers eyes bulged as they saw Will laughing along with Hannibal when they were walking past the court yard. Whispers spoken whenever Hannibal brought food for Will. Nobody said anything, until someone finally popped the bubble.

That someone being Beverly Katz.

"So, how Kong have you and mister good looking been going at each other?" She asked, while leaning over a fresh looking dead body.

Will practically spit his coffee out at the question, "What! What are you talking about?"

"Oh come on, everyone knows about your piece of man candy, but everyone's too afraid of you to come and ask. So tell me, does he like to top, or do you do it." She chuckled. "Aw, do you two cuddle after a round?"

"Beverly!"

"What I'm just curious, and also in a bet with Zellar."

"Childish."

"Come on, teeeell me."

"We haven't had any sex, okay. And we've only been dating for what, a month." Will groaned, closing his mouth quickly as he noticed what he just said.

"Damn it, that means Zellar won. Well, hurry up and fuck so I can lie, and win me some money."

"Right, right, I'll keep that in mind." Will muttered, as he grabbed his bag, leaving the building.

All the way home Will couldn't stop thinking about the conversation, was he really in love with Hannibal. I mean, yes the man cooked like a God, and was rather handsome, but still...

When Will arrived home, he ahs made his decision.

Climbing up the stairs, and entering the house, Will was greeted with happy puppies, and Hannibal walking our the kitchen. White shirt sleeves rolled up to show off his muscular arms, and his strange tattoos.

"Hello Will, I hope your day was well, ton-"

"Hannibal, I wish you to be free."

"You...excuse me?"

Hannibal looked dumbfounded, like a dog had suddenly began to speak and told him his cooking was awful. He stared at Will in shock, waiting for an explanation.

"I wish for you to be free, I see no reason for you to be held prisoner by me anymore. You're a good person who deserves more than just loving in a shack with me." Will explained, walking ever so closer to Hannibal. "And also because, well I-I, um. Well I-what I mean to say is tha-"

Will never got to finish his sentence, because in that moment Hannibal had grabbed Will and kissed him. At first, Will was frozen with shock, before wrapping his arms around Hannibal to kiss back. They stayed like that for awhile, kissing and holding each other, that is until they remembered that Will was human, and human's need air to breathe.

"I-wow, I was bot expecting that, but yeah, I agree as well." Will huffed, giving Hannibal a smile as he regained his breath.

"I have waited a very long time to do that Will. Ever since the second time you woke up to see me, I had fallen for you. I'm happy to say that I was thankful you never used up any of tour wishes." Hannibal said, running his hand through Will's hair.

"Honestly, me too. I like kissing you, way more than I like fearing that you're going to try and kill me." He joked. "But I do hope that you'll stay with me, and we could live together. Like a married couple."

"Does that mean we can skip dinner, and head straight to bed?"

"Only if you let the dogs out when they need to go tonight."

"Anything for you, my love."

That night, Will learned two things. One, he would never trust an ancient tea set again, or try to meet with any other magical creatures. And two just how many languages Hannibal can speak when he climaxes. And also that cuddling with someone is way Mich better than sleeping alone. Like way much better.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and Comments are always loved!

Tomorrow is "The Swan Princess" I'll give you a hint. It probably won't involve anything the movie went by.

# The Swan Princess

Chapter Summary

Day 8- The Swan Princess: Sometimes being cursed to be a stag on the morning, and a man at night isn't so bad. Especially when you find a strange crying child on the forest.

Chapter Notes

I'm not too happy with this chapter, it's a little bad, but it still has a plot. It took me a while to actually write something because I kept changing the plot.

Enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Cursed.

That's how Hannibal's life had been for many years. Cursed as a boy by his own rudeness, he vowed that when he found the witch who place the curse on him he would seek revenge. But for now he would spend the rest of his immortal years living as a stag in the morning, and a man when the moon rose up. It was a miserable, lonely life, as hunters would chase after him in the morning, and at night would be his only time to catch up on drawings or human activities.

So when months turned to years, and years turned to decades, Hannibal had decided just to remain in one place so he wouldn't have to worry about new stories to tell.

And that's when he met him.

It had been a slow stroll through the woods in the afternoon, when he stopped suddenly, ears perked upwards at the sound of crying. Following the sound to it's caller Hannibal had found a small human boy crying, alone, in the deep woods.

He watched the boy, taking in the beautiful sight before him. The boy had pale skin which was red at his cheeks and ears, a cascade if dark curls covering his face and swayed with his every movement.

Stepping out of his hiding spot, Hannibal trotted over to the boy and shuffled at his curls.

The boy cried out at the soft touches, but when he saw it was just a friendly stag he calmed down, letting the stag sniff at him as he made small hiccups. And when Hannibal heard the

boys small laughter from licking his tears away, his heart practically melted, and those eyes of his, were they just the deepest blue he has ever seen.

Hannibal leaned back up, and used his antlers to motioned for the boy to follow him. Then trotted back the way he came from, he didn't have to turn back and check if the boy was following him, since he felt the small hands hold onto his fur as he walked.

"Who lives there?" The boy asked, not really thinking the stag might be able to talk. Hannibal snorted, and stepped inside the house to shed his animal skin to become a human, when he stepped back out, after he out some clothes on, he heard the little boy gasp at the sight of him.

"Why are you all alone here, little boy?" Hannibal asked, his thick accent sounding rough on his unused tongue.

"My father had brought me out here to teach me how to hunt, he told me to stay right there and that he would be right back. But...b-but he never came back." The boy said, starting to cry once more. Hannibal hushed the little boy, pulling him into his strong arms, and rubbing smooth circles into the boys back. When the boy's sobs had turned into soft hiccups he spoke again.

"I can take care of you if you want, and you can live with me. I will not be your father, but I can promise to always take care of you." Hannibal stated pulling the boy away from him, so he could look into those lovely blue eyes. "On one condition, you tell me your name."

"Will. My name is Will."

Hannibal smiled, kissing Will's sift curls, as he turned to walk back into the cabin he was residing in.

"Well then Will, I can tell you that thing's are starting to look up."

Thinking this had all been a pleasant dream, Hannibal was delighted to find the small boy tucked under his arm in the morning. He made a quick dinner, before waking Will and told him he had to run out to town. Unbeknownst to Will, Hannibal was only stepping out to shift into his stag form.

Years ago he would have screamed from the pain, his bones shifting and elongating. As sharp bones grew out of his skull, and fur free on his body. But now he sighed, and let the transformation consume himself. And when he went back inside he found Will eating his food with the delight of a starved child. He did, however, look like one.

Hmmm....

He'll have to make sure to give the boy more food, but for now he would rest and watch over Will until the moon rose once more.

Will was a delight.

Out of all the miserable things in Hannibal's' never ending life, he had finally found peace. And it was a small little boy who's curly hair was soft no matter how much he played in the

dirt, who had a love for all animals-mainly dogs-and had a mind of his own.

After Hannibal had taken the lost boy in, he began to teach him all the things he knew. At first it was slow, since obviously Will's father hadn't thought about sending the boy to school, and he had no clue how to read or write. But soon Will was able to read, write, and speak six different languages, and was having long complex conversations about life. Oh, what a wonder it was to have Will around, he loved Hannibal's cooking and never asked where he went all day. Especially since he was always there with Will, even if he wasn't in his human form.

Will was a smart boy, yet he could never figure out that the entire time Hannibal was the stag all along, but he never said anything, mainly because Will sometimes Will would tell the stag things he never told Hannibal himself. Like the one time Will hurt himself, and had tried to hide it from Hannibal's observant eyes.

"One day when I'm older I'm going to make Hannibal a gift, because he always makes me something. So I want to make him something specially, but I don't know what to make him." Will had said one day, resting on the stag's back, as Hannibal sniffed at a green patch of grass. "Maybe I'll bring him food one day, I'll go on a hunt and bring him back the finest meat ever."

Hannibal would have smiled if he was human, but settled for just nuzzling his boys curls. Will giggled, and pushed his nose away softly.

"I love you too." Will yawned, laying against Hannibal's warm body and sleeping.

The years passed faster than Hannibal had noticed, and soon his happy boy was a proud man ready to start a new life, but Hannibal didn't want to let go of Will. Each night he feared that his boy would wake up the next morning, and tell Hannibal he was leaving, but each morning Will would smile and prepare the coffee as Hannibal was quick to make the breakfast since it would soon be time for him to leave and shift once more.

And yet the fear continued to plague him.

But there was no need to hold onto the fear for long, as a new day rolled around and Hannibal was following Will in his stag form around the forest. His boy had sat down, and stared past a flowing river.

"Do you think Hannibal would love me? If I told him I loved him?" Will had asked, looking to the stab for guidance. Hannibal at first was thunderstruck at the question, before giving a slow nod. Will sighed, looking past the river once more. "I bet he wants me to go, so then I wouldn't bother him anymore."

Hannibal snorted, pushing his snout against Will's chest and nuzzling into him. Will laughed, hugging the stag right back, and kissing his head.

"I know, you love me as well." Will sighed, stroking Hannibal's fur.

They stayed in each other's embrace until night fall, Hannibal knew that he should leave to turn back human. And yet he couldn't pull himself to move away, so he stayed in Will's embrace, even as his body turned white and glowed. Even as Will gasped and pulled back slightly. Even as Will stayed watching him turn back human.

"Hannibal.... you're..."

" Yes, I am. I have been ever since a witch has cursed me to be like this for ages. Will, I love you, and I always have. Ever since I took you into my care, I've loved you ever since." Hannibal smiled, running long fingers through Will's uncombed curls.

"So that's how your always knew I was hiding cuts from you, and here I thought you just had a sixth sense." Will laughed, before leaning in to kiss Hannibal. They kissed, and kissed, and kissed until they had to pull back for air.

"You are even more remarkable than I ever dreamed of, Will." Hannibal sighed, nosing at Will's forehead.

"What should we do now?"

"Well, I do know of a lovely wine I've been keeping in the cellar that might go good with dinner tonight. And maybe we could have a little more fun afterwards?"

"Oh, you sly little snake."

"Always, for you."

That night the two embraced each other like long most lovers would, and when they were sated they laid entangled in each others arms until they fell asleep. Little did they know that a certain red head witch had seen the whole kissing act, she chuckled waving her hands to release Hannibal of his curse.

"I never said you wouldn't be like this forever, Hannibal." She snickered before leaving.

And when the sun rose up, Hannibal gave Will one last kiss before standing out in the sun awaiting his transformation.

And waited

And waited

And-hey! Why hasn't he turned into a stag yet?

"It's broken." Hannibal mum bled to himself. "The curse...Will you broke my curse."

"I did?"

"Yes, you beautiful, remarkable boy. I knew there was something about you, the minute I laid eyes on you."

"Dies that mean we can get naked, and go back to bed?"

"Yes. It does."

"Great, because I never want to wake up this early again. Now goodnight Hannibal, because I'm not waling up until the crack of night."

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and comments are always loved!

The next day will be "Frof Prince" which will probably have nothing to do with frogs :)

# Frog Prince

Chapter Summary

Day 9- Frog Prince: "No. Bad dog. Shoo, shoo." Hannibal admonishes. There standing in front of his car door is a stray mutt, the same stray mutt that has been following him for the past week. He regrets being kind to the mutt, because now it's constantly following him every where he goes.

Chapter Notes

Haha, yeah, I just love kicking the entire plot from the actual story, and yet still staying with the story line. Thanks for the kudos and comments!!

Warning: implied smut, nurser and cannibalism, witches and curses

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"No. Bad dog. Shoo, shoo." Hannibal admonishes. There standing in front of his car door is a stray mutt, the same stray mutt that has been following him for the past week. He regrets being kind to the mutt, because now it's constantly following him every where he goes.

At first, he couldn't help but feel a little sorrow for the stray, as he had seen it many tines as he past the FBI academy. He watched a couple of kids cruelly attack or trick the dig, leaving him hungry and miserable. So, using the meat from a leftover pig, Hannibal had prepared a warm meal, and brought it to the stray.

When the dog had first seen him, he growled and backed away whimpering slightly. It wasn't until Hannibal had crouched down, extending a hand for the dog to sniff and inspect him did the stray finally come bear him without jumping away. Hannibal had then pulled out the prepared and set the dish in front of the stray, he could practically see the drool from the dog before it dug into the meal.

Once the dog had finished the warm meal, he tipped happily and ducked his head down, giving Hannibal's hand a soft kiss. Usually, Hannibal would have been disgusted by a creatures saliva in him, but he couldn't help but feel his pride swell at the dog's happiness. When he had left the dog that night, he felt his sins lift off him a little from the good deed he had done, only to be weighted back on him once he left his house to kill a rude.

But his meeting with the stray did not stop there, no there second meeting was at Hannibal's work. The stray was snoozing on the stairs to his work, and lifted his head once he heard

Hannibal approaching. He couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at the stray, wondering how it knew where he worked. Only to shrug and oat the dogs head, before slipping into his building.

Thinking the dog would be gone once he left was a mistake, because one by one his patients came in all noting about the strange dog sleeping on the stairs of his building. Hannibal had assured them the dog was safe, and would not harm them as long as they did not mess with him.

For three days he would come to work only to find the dog still there, still sleeping on the staircase, still giving Hannibal shy kisses on his hands. Still questions from his curious patients about the dog, and it's presence.

It wasn't until the second day when Hannibal found himself making a meal to go for the dog, and spent his lunch break sitting on the stairs eating with the dog. Who apparently had manners, as it chewed soundlessly, and wiped his mouth when he was finished. Hannibal couldn't help the smile on his face, when the dog whined slightly for extras, before forking over the rest of his meal.

Then came the end of the week, and Hannibal was leaving late from his office that night only to find the stray sitting in front of his car. Almost like he wanted Hannibal to take him home.

So here he was trying to get the stray to move wo he could go home and sleep, only to see that the mutt was just as stubborn as he was.

"Fine. You can come home with me, but only for this night." Hannibal gave, opening the back door of his Bentley, only to watch the dog sit perfectly on the back seat and be mindful if his fur. "Stubborn mutt."

The drive home was a little too quiet for someone to have a dig in there back seat, thankfully who wasn't car sick. He watched the stray from the rear view mirror, as it stared out the window in almost saddening silence. When he reached his house, he watched as the happy mutt run up to his door, and wait for him like a dog with years of training.

"Your quite smart for a stray on the streets." Hannibal mused, staring down at the dog as he unlocked his front door. The dog wooded at him, before slinking through his front door, a d sniffing at every piece of furniture.

Hannibal noted how the dog sniffed the rooms Hannibal walked in, and never strayed from him. He made a small little experiment, by closing a door and waiting to see of the dog ran off, but when he opened the door he saw the stray was standing there waiting for him. He smirked at this.

"You can't sleep in ny room, no matter how kind or cute you are. You are not allowed on my bed." Hannibal mused, before leaving to shower.

And guess who was laying on his bed when he left from the shower, half naked and wrapped in a towel. The mutt was, looking all to pleased as he wagged his tail when Hannibal glared

at him. He gave Hannibal sad blue puppy eyes, and what could have passed as a pout for anyone easily fooled by cuteness. By Hannibal was having none of this.

He snapped his fingers, Ponting to the ground, waiting for the stray to get off his bed so he could wipe off the fur. But the stray had just raised an eyebrow at him, saying something along the lines of 'Really?', and wagging his tail when Hannibal groaned.

"Just this once, since you haven't destroyed anything, and have been very well trained." He groaned, turning the lights off before slipping into bed. The stray huffed, and scooted away from Hannibal, enough to give them both room.

And well, one night became two, which soon became three, which soon turned out to be every night. Which every morning Hannibal found himself making breakfast for both he and the dog, saying to himself that this will be the last day, only to find himself always wooed by the dogs charms and kindness.

"I need to give you a name." Hannibal mumbled one afternoon, as he sat reading in the study, the stray resting next to his legs as he sipped wine.

Hannibal sat back, letting his mind rave with possibilities and ideas. Not noticing when the stray had jumped off the couch, and went off some where in the study.

"Hmmmm...Napolean? No. Constantine? No." He went back and forth, calling names out but none could really fit the dog. That is until the stray came padding right up to him with a book in his mouth. "William Shakespeare? William....Will. Yes, that's a good name, Will, your name is Will."

The dig jumped up, woofing excitingly when Hannibal had come home the next day holding a collar. And soon he was bringing along Will every where, at first it was to his work. Claiming that Will was just a service dog, here to protect Hannibal from crazed patients, and to assist with whatever needed. Frankly, he couldn't have been happier to have Will around, especially when Franklin had tried to touch Hannibal. Will had suddenly bolted from where he was seated, and git between the two, growling with hackles raised at Franklin, who bumbled  about at the angry mutt.

"Will." Hannibal quipped, and suddenly the dog was calmed down, panting like a happy pooch. "I apologies, Franklin but contact with me would not be best, as Will tends to see it as someone trying to attack me."

"O-o-oh, right. Of course, Dr. Lecter. See you next meeting?" Franklin stuttered, shoving his sweaty palms into his pockets.

"Of course." Hannibal answered, hiding his shear from the disgusting man.

When the door was shut, Hannibal gave Will a treat, and thanked him with a scratch behind the ear.

"What would I do without you." Hannibal chuckled to himself.

Will wooded, and chewed at the homemade treats he was given, wagging his tail delightfully. When Hannibal went home that night, he had almost forgotten his date he was having with Alana. Leaving Will alone with enough food and water for the night, Hannibal had said his goodbyes before leaving.

When he came hone it was with Alana in his arms, as he would be needing an alibi for his next victim. She didn't even suspect that he was playing her, but he would let her get lost in his embrace. Or would have, if Will hadn't cone charging through the bedroom door growling and snapping at Alana.

"Hannibal! What the Hell!" She guessed jumping away from the man, and onto the bed. Will barked st her, standing guard of Hannibal.

"Will, down! She us s guest." Hannibal snapped, pulling at the dog's collar when he didn't give up. Hannibal had to lock him out if his room, as Will would not calm down, growling at the sight of Alana. There were a few whimpers, before Will had growled again and ran off to some other part if the house.

"I'm sorry Alana, he usually doesn't act like this, he's very kind and protective of me." Hannibal confessed, soothing Alana with his words.

"Maybe you should keep him on a leash if he gets like that again. Anyways, where were we?"

"Of course."

The next morning, after Alana had left for work, Hannibal had started making Will breakfast, only to notice his dog was nowhere to be seen.

"Will?" He called out, setting the knife down and cleaning his hands, before searching for the dog.

He looked in the study, the backyard, and his own room, before staring to look through the other room's. And yet, the stray was no where to be seen. He was beginning to worry about his dog's safety, before finding him in a room far off in the back of his house.

"Will...come, it's time to eat." Hannibal ordered from the door, watching the dog lay on an empty bed. He saw one of Will's ears flicker towards him, before flattening back down. The dog didn't move, and grumbled slightly when Hannibal came close. "I see. Very well, I'd you decide that your hungry food will be set out for you, but of you just want to pout around all day then don't let me get in your way. I have other things to do."

And with that, he left for work, uncertain about the heaviness in his heart as he drove to work. He couldn't pay attention to anything his patients were frying to him, as his mind only ran around as to why Will was so upset.  Although he did notice the very rude man that was dragging his dog home, kicking the shivering dog when it tried to stop and sniff at a passing object.

Hannibal's frown had increased, and he began to boil with rage. How dare this pig be so low as to kick around a helpless dog, right there Hannibal decided who his next victim would be.

"Will?" Hannibal called out while setting his jacket on a hook, and checked the kitchen. His heart wrenched at the sight of the food that he left out, which had not been eaten. Why was Will acting like this? Surely a dog wouldn't understand how human relationships go, or be..jealous of Alana. Dog's can't get jealous, can they?

Taking the stairs by two, Hannibal quietly walked over to the room he had found the pouch lying in this morning. Surprised to see that Will was lying in the same spot he had been in the morning, he sighed and walkers over to sit next to the dog. Will growled when he moved a hand close to his head, but Hannibal wasn't going to let some dog scare him off by just growling. Placing his hand on Will's soft fur he began to stroke at his pointed ears, waiting for the dog to fully calm down before speaking.

"There was man I saw today after work, he had a dog and wouldn't stop kicking the puppy no matter how many times the dog cried out." Hannibal announced, listening to the soft growls growing from the dog under his hand. "I think I'll kill him tonight."

Now that had gotten Will's attention, as the dog sat up on his hind legs, looking straight at Hannibal with full interest. Smiling Hannibal scratched behind Will's ear, and explained his plan to him fully. Will barked and wagged his tail, leaving Hannibal a little worried about himself since he just explained to a dog how he would kill then cook someone.

He just shrugged, and waited till night fall. And when the moon was at it's highest peak, and the dark had settled in he left the house. Followed the drunken man and led him to an empty warehouse, where he proceded to kill the man and harvest his organs. Not expecting to see Will waltzing in eight after him, and watching Hannibal work.

"You are a very strange dog." Hannibal smiled, before leaning down to kiss Will's snout.

Only to have himself thrown backwards by some invisible force, and a blinding light to caste itself in the room. When he looked up again he did not see a once stray mutt sitting there, but a naked man. A very lovely looking naked, with a halo if dark curls, blue eyes which held age and wisdom, and a smile of a predator. The naked man then skipped over to where Hannibal played, pulling him up by his lapels and kissing him on the mouth. Those cruel plush of his did wonders to Hannibal, as he began to clutch at the man's curls and lithe body.

"I've been waiting to do that for a long time, Hannibal." The man purred, pressing kisses to Hannibal's chin.

"May I ask for an explanation on where my beloved dog went, or is this just a dream because I had a heart attack or something?" He mused, leaning his head back for Will to have more room.

"Well you see here Hannibal, I was cursed by a witch after I fed her the meat of her own lived one and child. So she cursed me, and the only way to break the curse is if my soulmate kissed me, of course it did take a long, ling time for me to find another cannibal who would kiss a dog." He explained. "And after a few weeks, ta-da, I'm human once again, and with my soulmate."

"I see. That explains the William Shakespeare book, meaning that your name is William. And when Alana came home that night, that's why you were so mean to her, was because I am made for you." Hannibal hummed, running fingers through those dark curls.

"Well, not only do you belong to me since we're soulmates, but she's also the witch who cursed me. But she must have gone dumb after the decades, because even I could tell you were feeding me human from the first meal you made me." Will scoffed, pulling at Hannibal's tie, and sucking at his neck.

"And now, what will you do, since you are human once again?"

"Go back to my old job, duh, there's still a lot of pigs who need to be cooked in this world. And my, my Hannibal have you caught a good one. Shall we?"

Hannibal smiled cruelly at Will, pulling at the man's curls to give him a searing kiss. Listening to those beautiful moans that escaped Will's sinful mouth. "We shall. And after that, I think I owe you a night in my bed."

"Oh, you don't even know how much you owe me, Hannibal."

Together they made a mural of death with the man Hannibal had killed, and when they arrived back at Hannibal's house they fucked like wild animals. Growling and clawing, hissing and scratching at one another, while leaving bites and marks. Hannibal would then wake up the next day to make Will a feast of a breakfast, and explain to him how they were going to kill Alana. Will had practically jumped around in joy at Hannibal's plan, pulling the man in for another kiss which would end with a less in the kitchen.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and comments are always loved!!

Tomorrow will be "Rapunzal" which involves some dark sorcerer named Kaecilius!

# Rapunzel

Chapter Summary

> "Will Graham, under the super vision of you I am putting this criminal in your custody, he will not harm you in anyway. We have already put ruins on this house so he cannot run away or use any powerful spells." The bald head leader said, which he thinks was called the Ancient One. Man, cosplayers are getting really weird lately.

Chapter Notes

> Anyone seen the new Hudeotube video lately? Because Mads was so adorable, and Kijima is a nerd.
>
> Anyway here's another day, sure fic hope you enjoyed it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alone.

That's how Will wanted to live out the rest of his life, just alone. No more FBI, no more Jack, no more dead bodies, and no more human contact. No, no, no, and most importantly, no. So that's why he left Wolftrap to find a new home, deep, deep in the woods. A place where no one could hear a person scream, okay wait that makes it sound like he's a killer, no, Will just wanted a place to relax, fix boat motors and play with his pack.

Which he did of course, sure sometimes the nightmares would still linger, but he was most at peace then he had ever been. His pack had grown from only five to now adding onto nine dogs, who all loved and adored Will. Each week he would leave once a day, only to coke back with a large enough kill to last him and the dogs a week. He had started growing most of his vegetables, and cut down on a once a month shopping trip. People had stoped calling him, so he cut off electricity in his life, which was marvelous since he no longer had to worry about Jack showing up on his door one day.

So when the day came that four weirdly robed people stood outside his door, he was not expecting a roommate to be added to his house.

"I'm sorry, what did you just say?"

"Will Graham, under the super vision of you I am putting this criminal in your custody, he will not harm you in anyway. We have already put ruins on this house so he cannot run away

or use any powerful spells." The bald head leader said, which he thinks was called the Ancient One. Man, cosplayers are getting really weird lately.

"And if I say no?"

"You won't."

Will sighed, knowing that they were probably right, so he stepped back and opened the door for them. "As long as he doesn't bother me, he can stay."

The Ancient One then smiled, and motioned to the two men who were holding onto a single man to cone forward, they then threw the man in roughly to Will's house, where his dogs began to sniff and inspect him.

"When will you come back for him?" Will asks turning to find that the strange robbed people are already gone, he groans closing the door to face the- "HOLY HELL!"

Will finds himself being pressed against the door by the man who had been thrown in his house. The man growls at Will, grabbing his arms and throwing them over his head, before- did he just fucking sniff me?

"Yup, this is completely normal, allowing some stranger in my house, who immediately starts sniffing me. Good job, Graham." He says to himself.

Things could not get possibly worse as the man sniffs him like a dog, Will whimpers and stays still until the man is satisfied and releases him before stalking off into his house. Will falls to the ground, and groans into his hands. His dogs come up to him curious and a little scared as to what had just happened.

"It's okay guys, we're just going to have some unwanted company...for awhile." He hopes.

Instead of mulling over what to do with the unwanted guest, he gets up and begins to make dinner for himself and the dogs, and...for the stranger. Who he now needs to get a name from. After making a nice sandwich, and some soup, Will walks down the hall to find the stranger in an empty bedroom doing a ton of push ups. He stops in the middle of another push up, and looks at Will with a glare.

"Hey, don't give me that look. I don't want you here either, so get over it. We're both in a loophole, so here, I made you some food. Eat it, or don't care." Will snaps, setting the food down. and leaving as quick as he can. Lord give hum strength.

The next days are, to be put kindly, Hell.

Will wakes up the next all but thinking the yesterdays events was just a bed dream, only to find the stranger doing pull ups on the door. He stares, because one, that man has a body of a God, and two, because who in there right kind exercises all day? He leaves the man to his...work, and makes himself a cup of coffee so he can scald his tongue and focus on that all day.

Then spends the rest of his day ignoring the man, as he fix motors and plays with his dogs. It goes like that for a week, until Saturday arrives and Will's shoving his socked feet into his boots, and pulling on his gun. The man doesn't come out to check on him, since he's still brooding. Because that's exactly what with all that intense exercise, the man is definitely brooding over something like Barman would.

Will goes out into the cool morning. and spends most of his morning hunting down a deer. Once he catches it, he drags the body back to his cabin where he'll proceed to cut it up, and skin it. Use everything it has to offer like a hunter would do in the ancient times. When he comes back he finds the house wrecked, furniture turned over, and the dogs are whimpering.

"What...Hey!" He finds himself being enveloped by strong arms, and an elegant long nose pressing against his curls. The man is...crying.

And then it clicks, his empathy reaches out to the man, and he feels his loneliness, and his fear that Will left him. He sighs, and let's the stranger hold him and comfort himself.

"I wasn't going to leave you, if that's what you were thinking. I just needed to get some food, you know that thing we eat." Will says, when the man releases him. "You're going to have to clean up your mess though, because I am too tired to clean up."

"Kaecilius...my name is Kaecilius."

"Will. I'm Will."

The strange robed man looks up at Will, like actually looks up from the grey locks of hair on his head and looks at Will. He has to gasp as the sight before him, because Kaecilius is a marvel to look at. With sharp, defined cheekbones that make him appear as a Greek statue, but the real interesting thing is his eyes. Yes, GIS eyes are something Will's never seen before, there a deep maroon but surrounding the eyes are a purple-blue hue of colors. Like a bruise that sparkles.

"Wow. Do you have an eye disease? Man I hope it's not contagious." Will blurts out, Kaecilius frowns a little before laughing at him, and shaking his head.

"Humans."

"Excuse me, but if you have any complaints about my species then you can leave it at the door."

After that the two begin to lighten up to each other. Will walks into the kitchen the next morning to find Kaecilius trying to figure out how the coffee maker works, he takes note how the man seemed to have cleaned himself up a bit. His hair had been brushed and pulled back into a ponytail, and his face looked cleanly shaven.

"This contraption, how does it work? I see you make some black liquid with it every morning, and it smells awful yet delicious." Kaecilius scrutinized, rubbing the bottom of his chin.

Will snorts, and presses a single button on the coffee maker. He watches as Kaecilius eye's brighten with interest when the machine starts to brew coffee. "It's called a coffee machine, and it makes coffee. One of the seven wonders humans had discovered in our conquest."

"Interesting. Tell me more about this coffee."

"Well, it has healing qualities that lifts the spirits of humans, and helps us work for hours on end in the morning, even when we had like three hours of sleep." Will explains, trying to hold back a smile. "It was gifted to us by an angel I'd the lord, after many years of sacrifices and war we had won, and he gifted us with coffee. Now it has become our sanctum."

"Really?"

"No, it's just a bean we ground up, and puts caffeine in our body which gets us moving. Wanna try some?"

"I can see why not."

Will watches as the man sniffs at the cup handed to him, before taking a sip and spitting it back out. He laughs, bending over and holding onto the counter so he doesn't fall.

"This taste like shit, ugh, how do you drink this? Kudos to you for ruining your taste buds with this." Kaecilius says, snacking his lips as a way to get rid of the dull taste.

"I may have forgotten to mention the little fact that coffee taste like crap, until you add sugar or sweetner to it." Will snickered passing the jar of sugar to Kaecilius. Kaecilius shakes hic head, and sets the coffee down.

"I think I'll stick with tea."

"Whatever. You're just missing out."

Over the weeks spent loving together, and actually talking Will learns a great many things about Kaecilius, and where he's from. Even if it hurts his brain from processing the whole thing over, and over again until it clicks. Then comes the time where Kaecilius actually tells him why they placed him here, complaining how it was down right dumb of him to trap him here and he did nothing wrong.

"Kaecilius, you tried to destroy the world, what do you mean you did nothing wrong. You did like the number one most wanted thing wrong, of course your going to get punished." Will tells him, laughing when the man scrunched his nose at him in distaste.

"Yes, well when I escape from here, I'll make sure to make a space for you in ny world conquering for you and your dogs."

"Aww, really? Kae, your going to soft on me." Will jokes pushing at the man's shoulder and laughing.

"No, it's because I love you."

"Wha-mhhhmmm."

Kaecilius leans over and plants a nice warm kiss to Will's lips as they sit in the couch together, and when he pulls back, Will grabs at him and pulls him in for another kiss. The kiss, and kiss, and soon there moving into Will's room for a more private area.

And when the morning comes, Will walks outside with a cup of coffee in one hand and a cup of tea in the other, as he watches Kaecilius do push ups in the freezing snow. Naked. Will stands there watching him, without even announcing his presence, but Kaecilius seems to notice him as he stops to look at him.

"Something the matter, Will?"

"Oh, no, don't mind me. I'm just enjoying the view, that's all."

Kaecilius aborts, standing up and walking over to Will, planting a kiss on his forehead before taking the cup of tea to sip at. Will winks at him, and moves back inside of the house, because it's way too cols for a man only in a robe to be standing in.

Of course, there is a downfall to their love story. Each day Kaecilius rest and grows stronger, soon practicing spells and forming ruins. And then the day comes when he breaks the ruins on the house, gives Will one last kiss, and just like that is gone.

"I'll be back." He said, before opening up a portal and leaving.

Will waits, and he waits and he waits. Each day he grows worried, and his heart aches. Falling back in step with the days where he lived his life alone, and happy. Now the absence only makes him sad and weary.

It isn't until he's in town one day, and sees the news about some attack going on in New York. Dropping everything, he gets into his car and drives. Next thing he knows, he's running through a crowd of screaming pedestrians, and marching right up to where Kaecilius is fighting some blue robed man.

"Kaecilius!" Will yells out, trying to get the man's attention. When he doesn't get so much as a glance towards his direction, he opens his mouth taking in a deep breath before yelling. "KAECILIUS, YOU BETTER GET YOU ARSE DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW, BEFORE I GO OVER TO YOU!!"

Both strangely robed men look down at Will, before Kaecilius glances at the blue robed and flies down to Will. Marching over to him, and speaking.

"Will you shouldn't be here, it's dangerous." He says, worry seeping out into his words.

"Oh no, if you think you can just waltz into my life, and make yourself a home in my heart, then try and leave me for world domination. You are out of your mind." Will growls, crossing his arms over his chest and stomping his foot. "Now come on, we're going home right now."

"I-"

"No."

"But-"

"Ah!"

"Will-"

"Right now, Kaecilius. Say good bye to your arch-nemesis, because we are going HOME."

Kaecilius's head drops and his shoulders slump, but he gives Will a nod. Turing back towards the blue robed man who has just landed next to them, and is staring confused at Will.

"You were a good for, Mr. Doctor, bit it is time for me to return back game with my lover. Until next time." Kaecilius says, like he just didn't get his pride told by a puny human.

"That's it? You're just going to give up like that, because some human told you?"

"I'll have you know that I have been dealing with this man for the past couple months, and had to endure as much pain as anyone would with his sappy arse when he was first dropped off. But we got through things together, and fell in love." Will hissed, shoving a finger in the smirking man's face. "So if you think I'm some puny human, then put down the magic tricks, and come fight me like a human. Cause I assure you that I will kick your cape wearing arse."

Kaecilius snickers from where he's standing as the blue robed man stares at Will with shock, and makes a incoherent sound when Will tugs Kaecilius down and kisses him. After that Will watches as Kaecilius makes a portal that leads straight into their home, and they walk through it, together. Back to the dark tower that had held them both from seeing the world, and where they will enjoy a long, non world dominating, life together.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and Comments are always loved!

Thank you to everyone who leaves their love, tomorrow is "Snow Queen" and I have a great, but sad plot for that!

# Snow Queen

Chapter Summary

Day 11- Snow Queen: "You are as alone as I am, Will, don't hide the truth behind lies. Because the Devil always finds out.

Chapter Notes

ACH! I'm behind schedule sorry, this should have been done earlier but I pulled a muscle in my arm, and had to go one handed. But do enjoy this one, I put a bit more fairytale writing style into it, and it is a bit sad.

Warning: nothing good happens

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Far, far away from the kingdom and towns of Baltimore, deep in the mountains of ice was a castle. And in that castle lived a king, however he was not your ordinary king. No, he lived in a palace made of ice from his own heart, a place of isolation, a place where a monster resides. He walks the halls with hate, glares at everything in spite, with no room in his heart for love.

Although, he may have his beloved ice wolves, who are always there to do as he commands, they are not the same love needed to warm his heart.

A heart so frozen and cold, it's almost unbreakable.

Almost.

And then one day, a crow comes to his lonely palace. He watches as the crow hops around the castle floors from his throne, the wolves pay it no mind and sort at it when it gets close to them. Then the crow chirps at Will, and lands next to his arm.

On closer inspection he sees the fresh warm blood on the crows beak, as it's red eyes stare holes into him. The stare does not move him, but he does wipe some blood of the crows finger and taste it.

Vengeance taste just like the ashes of a loved one.

"Why do you live so alone, King of Ice?" The crow squaks at him, pecking at the ice before starting back at him.

"The world has no room for the feared or monsters, so I made my own world here in the mountains where no man dares to go." He answers.

"Do you not feel loneliness in your heart, oh Lonely One? Do you not have the same ache as all beings do, to find your other half, your soulmate?" It croons.

"I do not. For many years I had tried to fit in, only to be pushed out. So my heart grew cold, and hard. Nothing can melt it, not even the Devil's fires." He answers, flicking a snowflake off his chest.

"Perhaps. Perhaps."

"You dare try and mock me, crow?"

"Of course not, King who's heart burns of ice, I would never dare to do such a foolish thing. But I do believe the Devil's fire could possible melt your heart, for he burns of wicked charms, and twisted words."

"I do not believe such a man could even make me smile, send him here ad I will show you how cold I am. Send him here, and Hell will freeze over."

"We will see about that."

And so the crow flies away from the castle, and it flies away from the mountains. It does not stop until it reaches a graveyard as old as man, he lands of the keeps shoulders and croons into his ear of what is to be done. The gatekeeper nods his head, and walks into his house, there he writes a letter and folds it up. When he steps back out he comes to a stop a well, a well know for reaching so deep into he Earth it has become an entrance to Hell.

He slips the letter inside, and leaves.

The well shakes and groans, smoke erupts from it's gaping mouth. Soon animals begin to run at the sight if the smoke, they cry out and scream to the humans, a warning that cannot be understood.

'He's coming. He's coming. The Devil has risen once more!'

The humans cannot understand why the animals have gone wild, but look warily at the smoke. They shake it off, and go back to there daily lives.

And when word about the Devil's Awakening reaches the isolated castle, the lonely Kong scoffs st the news and goes back to staring sullenly out the window. He does not care who comes to his home, everyone meets the same fate. They will take one look at him, and run.

So, when the doors to his castle open up, and a man walks in he is a bit shocked at his first sentence.

"Never before have I seen such beauty so cold, I can practically feel the chill in my bones." He speaks.

"Pardon?" The king wips his head around to stare down at the new comer.

He is a handsome looking man, with ashen blond hair, swept to one side, exposing his high cheekbones. Giving off the appearance of a statue made of pure marble. And those eyes of his! A deep maroon, that burns like blood when it flows from a cut. A smile as cruel as a wolf, and as evil as the snake widens on his face.

"I said you are a beauty in which ice cannot hide from ny eyes, your face is of the work of a heartbroken poet, your eyes make me want to shed my clothing an take swims in their froze pools. You are the picture of hidden beauty." The man sighs.

The king scrunched up his nose, distasteful, he thinks, no one has ever sang sermons of his beauty. What makes this man think he can walk in here sing high praise to me? I'll show him.

"And what makes you think you can just walk in here, and sing a tune?" The king hisses, showing off cold white fangs to frighten the man.

He gets a smile as cruel as the winter can be in the mountains. "Have the animals not cries out upon my arrival, does the black smoke not signify my Awakening to those who know of me?"

He gets a frown as an answer, and sighs.

"I see. Well then, my dear King, I am the snake of the Garden in which humanity falls, the nightmares that leads one to murder, I am what people no longer speak or chant of because I am there fear. I am, The Devil."

"And I am a pretty pony, who lives in a valley of greens and happiness." Scoffs the king, he stands from his throne, before marching down to the visitor. "I do not like lying, one he dares to crow at my appearance, so do what you know is right, and leave."

"On the contrary, Lord of death that freezes men in their sleep, I am in fact the Devil. And if you want me to prove of my title, then I shall do what is best."

"Bite me."

"If you insist."

Shocked by the man's words, the king snarls and stalks off into his empty home. The ice wolves come near to sniff at the newcomer, when they smell the stench of death and Hell on the man they whimper and run off. But he stands frozen, for he is a monster in which everyone fears and curse at, but the King clearly does not see that. Nor does he see god awestruck the monster is for him.

But if there's one thing the Devil has learned over th he years, is that patience has it's rewards.

He stays in the Ice King's castle, he breathes the air, eats the food, and spends his time in the study. No matter how rude, ie distasteful the king may be, he falls even more for the fool and continues to stay.

So when the day comes when he catches the King sulking in his chambers, he dies not shed a blind eye, nor watch from the door. No, he enters, uninvited, and sits down next the King, and lends him an ear to listen to his sighs and groans.

When the moon has almost risen to it's highest peak in the sky, the Devil gets up to rest in his own chambers, only to have cold hands grip his sleeves.

"Stay....please." The King cries, hopelessly in love without knowing it.

The Devil smiles, but it is not cruel nor is it malicious. It is warm as his heart, and soft like his eyes.

"Always."

Together they lay in the comfort of each other's arms, and the Devil takes the King slow and soft. A unity of lovers, who've come together after a long fought off war, and when there finished moaning and marking, they lay down under the sheets. And hold each other.

Slowly, the King's heart melts.

One day a girl comes to the castle, for her father had killed her mother, and in return died by the people of the town. She has heard many tales of the King that lives in this cold, lonely castle, so she has come to find a home. She pleads, and begs for her to stay, but the King is cruel, and does not want a family. Until the Devil enters the room, and speaks the words the girl has wanted to hear.

"She can stay." He hums, kissing his livers hands as he glares at him. "We are her father's now, my King, we must take care of her."

"She will die from the cold, she will be hurt by my cold heart." The King growls.

"I promise you that she will not be harmed by your heart." The Devil smiles, wrapping the girl in warm furs. "Come now, let us feast in her arrival."

And so they do, like all happy families they eat together, and share happy memories for years to come.

And slowly, the King's heart melts.

And they live happily ever....never.

For this my friend is not how the story ends. No, for it is the Devil we speak of in this story, a monster full of tricks and deceiving looks. And a King destined to be alone, for his heart cannot be melted.

And the day comes, where the King and the Devil fight, yell, and growl at one another. For the King has found out the Devil's trick, his food is bitter and tainted, for it is the meat of man. The Devil in blind rage kills their daughter, she does not scream nor cry, because she knew this would happen one day. And he kills the King.

He leaves them on the cold floor, and heads back to where he belongs. Tears slip away from his face, and burn the ground.

The King watches his liver leave, his daughter die, and himself die along her. But he is the King of Ice, and when the cold winds touch the smile on his stomach, they heal the tear, and leave with a smile. However, they do not heal his pain, they do not fix the problem, they leave a mark for him to remember.

He screams, and yells, the castle walls break and shatter from his rage. Everything comes crashing down around the King, and all thing burn of frost. The ice wolves run away in fear, howling in dismay. And the King is lonely once more.

And his heart...breaks.

Shatters

Dwindles.

Many, many, many years past and the King is no longer a ruler of frost, no he is now a man. A lonely man, who lives in an isolated fortress in th cold if Wolftrap, Virginia. He is no longer, the lonely ice king, bit now a common man know as Will Graham, a man who can't look into other people's eyes, and hates physical contact.

Teaching young people how to catch criminals, and solve crimes. For justice beats in his heart, but so does absence. Then the day comes where he's called on for his 'imagination', and he finds himself staring at a dead girl played out on top of a deers head, with crows picking at her.

One looks up at him, it still has the same red eyes as it did decades ago, and the same blood which stops from it's beak. It mocks him, and flies away. He dies not cry, or yell, he is silent and broken.

Jack calls him into his office, little does he know who else resides in there.

And when he sees those same deep maroon eyes that had once stared lovingly at him, those lips which had kissed at his frozen body and warmed him up. The man who had been his liver, his husband, his life. He growls, and snaps at him like an abandon mutt, left out and abused on the streets.

"YOU!" Will bellows, stomping over to the man, punching him square in the jaw. He goes falling to the ground, clutching at the bruise which will blossom and grow on his cheek. "I never want to see you again."

And with that he leaves the office, drives back to the motel he was staying in, and drinks himself to bed.

He wakes up to a knock on his door the next day, and opens it to the Devil.

"Will-"

"Get out."

"Please, let me just-"

"No, Hannibal! You had your chance, you had everything! Just...leave."

He doesn't.

And he never will.

Because for the next years are filled with pain, regret, and tricks. They strike at each other like two apex predators would, snapping and clawing. Before All finds himself incarcerated, and sending off a little bird to do his evil deeds, only to fail and break his heart when he see's Hannibal with Alana. He will kill her at a later time.

When he's free, he wants to kill and kiss Hannibal. So he plays along with the wolf's games, and tricks the fool's. Only to find he was but the biggest fool of them all, and finds his smile torn open.

"Forgive me." Hannibal says, as he leaves to another world across the ocean.

"Maybe." Will gasps, waking in a hospital.

"I forgive you." He'll say in a place know to lead straight to the heart of Hell.

Together the will be captured by a pig, Will will howl out at the night's air, and watch from his mind as his face gets torn off. Only to find himself in his bes, with Hannibal sitting next to him. He smiles at Will, but Will spits at him.

"I'm sorry."

"No, your not."

Will leaves him, in a four walled room. Alone, to rot for what he had down those many years ago. He leaves him adrift in a sea of cold sorrows, and to be forgotten.

But you can't forgive and forget, what you continue to remember and resent.

Ding. Dong. The Dragon comes, with mighty roars, and burning fires that destroy families under the full moon. Will takes his chance, and spins the wheel, when it lands on Hannibal, he offers himself up as bait and walks the same path as Hannibal's bread crumbs lead.

Together the kill, together they breathe the same salty air, iron and blood mix well with victory. Hannibal hols Will like had had done so many times, but this time it is different. This time, Will doesn't flinch, or move away, he leans and listens.

"This is all I wanted for you, for us."

"It's beautiful."

They fall back down to Hell, and slowly the teacup reforms. Slowly, Will's heart begins to sing a tune of love and intimacy.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and Comments are always loved!

Tomorrow is "Princess and the Pea" with a sassy prince Will, and creepy Hannibal. I should also mention that not everything I write will be happy and cute, I do have some ideas that might be sad and creepy so yeah. Heads up!

# The Princess and the Pea

Chapter Summary

Day 12- The Princess and the Pea: Will barely gets any good nights rest. Scratch that. Never gets any good night rest, for each night his dreams are filled with terrible nightmares and bed sweats. Each morning he wakes, he looks even more tired than the day before.

Chapter Notes

I'm so happy you are all enjoying my stories so far, I won't lie it is a little hard to actually keep up with all this. XD but I'm managing.

Like I said before, some stories will not be all fluff in live so Warning! Hannibal is a not so food person in this story

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will barely gets any good nights rest.

Scratch that.

Never gets any good night rest, for each night his dreams are filled with terrible nightmares and bed sweats. Each morning he wakes, he looks even more tired than the day before.

Maybe it has something to do with the disappearance of the young prince's parents, or maybe it doesn't. But the night they left, Will's nights of peaceful rest, and blissful dreams have taken a dramatic turn. He screams, and tosses, the servants had to move his bed into a tower in the castle so his screams would not frighten any guest.

At first they think it has something to do with the trauma of his parents disappearing into the night, so they bring a doctor. But common medicine has no cure for his sickness, unable to hell the doctor's shrug and wish him a speedy recovery. Those night's are filled with dreams of him being strapped down to a table, and being cut opened by a doctor while strange classical music plays in the background.

Next they try to bring in a woman know to lift curses, she walks into his bedroom and runs out screaming about the monster that lives in his room. The servants roll their eyes, but fear begins to rest in there shoulders. Will checks under his bed like all children who believed a monster lurks under do, he finds nothing but dust bunnies.

Someone suggest it might be the mattress, but Will's already sweet through five of those. So they mostly ignore his idea.

It's months before finally everyone all but gives up on trying to find a cure for the young prince's night terrors, and soon the townsfolk know of his problem. It spreads like a disease, and they become wary of him, like they might too catch his haunting dreams. And every time people of royal class come to visit the night, they are warned to ignore any screaming at night.

When Will turns 25 he begins to walk in his sleep, sometimes the guards are able to stop him from leaving the castle. But when they don't he asked up in the woods, dazed and confused before making his way back in the cold. One night he wakes up to find himself ankle deep in the cold water of the ocean, he yells and cries out. Cursing at his parents for his curse.

He walks back home, half awake and dazed.

When he hits mid thirties, he finds himself being accompanied through his dark nights. A stag, black as night with feathers of the tricky raven covering it's neck, takes a liking to Will and follows him on the nights he escapes the castle in his sleep walks. Hot breathed flowing down his neck, while red eyes bare holes into the back of his head. But he finds no fear in the stag's presence, no he finds peace and kindness where others would step away from his awkward habits.

He looses so much sleep he begins to see the stag when he's awake, or at least thinks he's awake.

Then one day comes where he sneaks off from the royal court, and goes to a bar to have a drink
Because Heaven forbid the prince to have an actual drink in the castle. He drinks, and listens to the conversations going on around him. And then he hears something spark his interest.

Two men discussing over some rum about a strange monster which feeds off the nightmares of humans, bidding itself under their mattress and waiting for them to sleep before feeding.

He goes back home, and pretends to go to sleep. And he waits.

No later than soon, is his patience rewarded when he feels the mattress move. Something long and sleek begins to slip it's way from the mattress, as dark antlers protrude from a human head, and a dark skinny figure appears. It tilts it's head at Will, before clambering onto the bed, and leaning over the Prince.

Unfortunately, for the monster Will has brought a weapon with himself.

Quick as he can he throws off the covers, and presses the knife's blade to the monster.

"Clever boy."

"Stupid monster."

"Now, now dear prince, shouldn't you have manners and welcome me with open arms. After all, I have been with you far longer than you realize."

"I open my arms to those who aren't monsters." He hisses, pressing the blade deeper into the monsters neck. It hisses, bug chuckles as well.

"Oh, but am I truly a monster? I don't remember a time where I killed someone, or terrorized a city."

"Except you forgot to mention how you terrorize me in my sleep, so I'll ask you kindly to leave." He snaps, faltering a little when he hears the monster start chuckling.

"Oh, but you see my dear boy, I'm not actually here." The monster purrs, passing right through his blade and arm before placing a chaste kiss against his lips.

Will wakes up, gasping for air as his hands shoot out to cover his neck, where he feels the ghost of ice cold claws wrapping around his neck. He wants to cry, to scream, but he must prepare for the day, because today he is meeting with another royal family. This one has traveled long and far just to meet him, and he will not let them feel unwelcome by his night troubles.

When he meets the prince from the far away land he finds himself stuck in a limbo, because the prince is both a handsome man with high cheek bones, and ahsen blond hair, and the monster under his bed. Will practically frowns the rest of the day, and dodges the prince so they don't have to talk, but eventually it's time to sleep and Will finds himself awaken by a hand on his shoulder. He opens his eyes to find himself deep in the woods once more, but this time he's with someone.

"May I ask why you have been dodging me all day, Prince Will?" Hannibal asks, resting a hand on his forehead to check if he's sick. Will swats his hand away, glaring daggers at the man.

"Really? You're going to be playing that game, you know exactly why I'm dodging you. So tell me this, why do you think you can just waltz in here, and act like you haven't been terrorizing me for the last oh...I don't know thirty years!?" Will hisses, covering his arms to warm himself up. Hannibal frowns, and removes his jacket handing it to Will.

"I don't know what your talking about, Will."

"Don't! Don't try and play coy with me, you little snake, I now exactly what you are. I hadn't figured it out, but then it finally clicked in place."

Hannibal's facade changes, from kind innocent to cruel as a snake. He tilts his head like the monster had that night, and gives Will a toothy smile. "And what am I exactly, my sweet Will?"

"The worst kind of monster out there, you don't live on the streets and no one would expect their king to be a killer. Or a cannibal." He grumbles, pulling the jacket closer on him as the temperature drops.

"And now, what will you do with this information, dear Will?"

"Isn't it obvious? I'm going to throw you in jail."

Hannibal laughs. "Oh, but you see Will, you've forgotten something. I am a prince of noble blood, and no one would believe a prince who's gone mad with night terrors."

"You wouldn't..."

"I would, and I will. If you don't do as I say."

The next day, they announce there marriage to the townsfolk, and everyone gets excited by the news
There beautiful prince, who has east less nights, has finally found someone to wed. The kingdoms will be united, and stronger than ever. The next few days are filled with dread for Will, and the first night Hannibal comes to sleep in the same bed with him, he pushes him off and hides in the bath tub.

Hannibal frowns at Will's action, but says nothing about the soreness in Will's back the next day. The servants can figure that out by themselves. It isn't until the third night of back aches, and sleeping in the bath tube, when Will gives up on trying to dodge the man and is in bed reading when Hannibal enters.

"Finally decided that the tub was not as comfortable as some might say? Pity, and here I thought you were going to drown yourself in your sleep." Hannibal hums, removing his clothing, and sliding into bed naked saved for the boxers he's wearing.

Will tries not to look at the man's good looking body. Again, tries. He does stare out of the corner of his eye, pretending to flip pages as his eyes explore the new patch of skin. Hannibal catches him, and smirks, laying his body onto Will's side, and holding him still.

"Do you see something you like, my prince?"

"You know, yeah I do, this book has a threat recipe on poison. I should try that sometime." He hums, marling the page before settling it down, along with his reading glasses. Hannibal growls at his words, nails digging into his skin lightly.

"Watch what you say prince, or else you might end up-"

"End up what? Dead? Please, there's nothing more you can do to me, that will hurt." Will snaps, turning his back to the monster.

Hannibal is quiet for a minute, running fingers through Will's hair, and playing with his curls. He hums something short, before resting his face I'm the crook of Will's neck when he blows the candle out .

"I am not here to hurt you, Will." He sighs.

"Then what are you here for? Obviously, not for marriage, or for my heart." Will says, turning over to face Hannibal.

" On the contrary, Will, I was promised by your parents that I would have your hand in marriage, but in due time."

"I...they what?"

"Your parents disappearance as due to a cruel king know as Mason Verger, I promised them I would rid the man, but they had to offer me something in return. Nothing they offered had satisfied me, but then I saw you. You were small and lovely as a babe, and I knew you were to be mine." Hannibal explained. "You're parents had no other choice but to give you up, they left for a reason I am not sure of yet."

Will goes quiet for a long time, falling a sleep while still trying to process what Hannibal had told him. He sleeps for the first time in many years, and when he wakes up the bed is cold and alone. Laying around in his thought, he doesn't say anything until Hannibal comes in with a try of food.

"I wasn't sure what you would like, so I for you mostly everything."

"Hannibal..."

"Now if you don't like your eggs scrambled, I can always have them make you a ne-"

"Hannibal."

" Yes, Will?"

"I love you." He says without hesitation.

Hannibal drops the tray of food on the ground, standing frozen next to the bed. Will just continues to lay on the bed, smiling at Hannibal. And when the man's mouth begin to twitch, he crawls over the bed and consumes Will with a kiss.

"How long have you been wanting to do that?" Will laughs, as Hannibal continues to pepper his face with kisses.

"Much longer than you can imagine." Hannibal smiles, holding Will's face with his hands. "What made you change"

"I had to think it over, and I guess it just made...sense, in a weird way. I shouldn't be mad at you for my parents, I mean I'm a little upset with the nightmares, but I guess they were to scare off anyone trying to court me."

"Cunning boy."

They spend the rest of the day with no worries, and lounging around in bed together.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and Cmenta are always loved!!

Tomorrow is "Rumpelstiltskin" where I may or may not do a Hardly Potter au! Who knows! :D

# Rumpelstiltskin

Chapter Summary

Day 13- Rumpelstiltskin: "You know if you wanted to kiss me, you didn't have to go out and get yourself hurt."

Chapter Notes

I'm just going to post this early because I finished, and I'm unsure how playing things will go since my WiFi is being dumb.

But hey, here's a Hogwarts au where Will is pretty much Newt, and Hannibal is a doctor who gets enamoured by the animal obsessed man. No spoilers.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I am a professional." Will grumbles, as his shoulder gets stitched by the handsome looking doctor, I. The medical wing of Hogwarts.

"I'm sure you are Will, but sometimes even professionals can make mistakes." Hannibal smiled, cutting the line when he was finished, and setting a gauze on the cut. Will huffs, and shakes his head.

"The kids are staring again." He says in a whisper this time. Hannibal continues to bandage Will's arm, but glances over to the entrance of the wing to see many eyes of curious students on the pair.

"I'm sure they are, they're just curious." He hums, patting his other shoulder once he's finished with his work.

"Just like we were."

"...I suppose.."

Many, many years ago when Will Graham was just a first year in Hogwarts he would have never expected to make any friends, especially with a second year Ravenclaw. Of course, they did eventually meet, in the dark forest at night when students were to be in bed, for different reasons of course. You see, Will has always had a love for animals, especially the ones in lore even if they didn't exist. But when he heard Dumbledore speak about his magical

creatures lurked in the dark forest, he had completely ignored the rules and warnings and snuck out when everyone was eating.

He never expected to find another student in the woods that night, but there was Hannibal in the dark woods studying some sort of dead animals body. Will didn't even try to sneak up on him, as he went to directly look at the creature.

"I do believe that first years should be in bed right now." The Ravenclaw mused, noting down something in his notebook.

"Did you kill him?"

The Ravenclaw stopped, and looked up at Will, raking in his messy appearance, and Slytherin badge. He sniffed, and shook his head while looking back down at his notes.

"No, he died of natural causes. What's a Slytherin like you doing out here, more importantly caring about a dead animal."

"I wanted to go looking for magical creatures, so I snuck out. Nobody would miss me, I don't have any friends."

Silence stretched between the two.

"Hannibal Lecter, second year Ravenclaw."

"Will...Graham, first year Slytherin."

And like glue they stuck together after that night, Will found out that apparently no one would miss Hannibal either since he too didn't have friends. He also didn't talk a lot, but that was okay with Will since he didn't either. Together they would sneak off at night, and go looking for magical creatures. Hannibal to study, Will to stare in awe and become friendly. He always had a very go way with communicating with animals.

And well, when you make friends with a Cu-Sith who always wants to play fetch of be pet, people get a little suspicious. Especially, when it's in the middle of class, and the giant black dog comes running in through the door licking Will's face off. Hannibal on his tail, with a ball in his hand.

"So, not only have you been sneaking off into the dark woods, which are forbidden by students to go into. But you also brought in a wild Cu-Sith into the school." Dumbledore said, pacing his office, while the two students stood in front of his desk. Winston, the name Will had given the dog after it had came to them for the third time, was happily rubbing up again Will's hand.

At least, Will looked guilty, Hannibal didn't even look half that interested in what the headmaster had to say. When Dumbledore stopped pacing, Will expected them to be expelled, he did not expect the headmaster to look up and smile at them.

"I guess, I should give you two a special permission to continue your work." He smiled.

"Wha-"

"Thank you, proffesor. We would be very great full if we didn't have to continuously sneak out of the castle. Sneaking past Mr. Finch was staring go be a problem." Hannibal spoke up, Will nodded his head along, because making new tricks or drinks to get the old janitor to look away was becoming a struggle.

"I expect much work from you two, with all this new knowledge your collecting."

Years and many hard long adventures through the woods, and both Will and Hannibal had graduated and were celebrating in Hogsmead when Hannibal had first kissed Will. It had been awkward at first, but soon Will was putty under the older kids lips.

He forgot to mention he was leaving the next day.

It had been heartbreaking, but Will wanted to travel the world to study new creatures. Hannibal had smiled  kissed his forehead, and wished him the best of luck. There was a strain in his voice that Will knew was because he was leaving. He gave him a hub and kiss, scratch to Winston's ear and was gone on the train.

Many years later while he was on the search for the elusive yeti, he had gotten a message from Hogwarts asking for his help because of a monster problem.

Looking up at the old school which had once been his breathe and home, he smiled at found memories. The teachers had come over to great him, still awkward as he had been before he ignored eye contact and held his suitcase close to his body. When they stepped away, everyone had an eyeful of Will getting tackled by Winston and being covered in slobbered.

The students had stared at him in the hallways when Dumbledore walked with him, explaining the problem. He knew they were staring at the gross scare on his cheek, from a very unhappy and sick red dragon.

"I see the problem, it's just a little Rumpelstiltskin that seems to have taken home in Hogwarts." Will chuckled, watching a few dogs run around in a painting.

"Very well. Oh, yes, Will I do believe there's someone who wanted to see you, you can find them in the medical wing of the school." Dumbledore said, before calmly walking away.

Will raised at the strange old man, but had learned never to question him. Shrugging he followed the professors instructions, and followed the twisting stairs to the medical wing. Watching as new students gasped, and stumbled on the stairs. Some staring at him and his strange suitcase, while he waited for the staircases to stop moving.

Walking into medical room, Will had to stop and breath, because standing there was his lover from many years, and still is. Hannibal Lecter, stood perfectly tall with a clip board in hand, and wand in the other while he placed some bandages on a kids cut.

"Hannibal..." Will croaked.

When the man looked up it was like he was like he was staring at an angel, dropping everything in hand he stumbled over to Will and kissed him. It was messy and bad, like two excited teens as they jumped noses and laugh.

"Sorry, that was rude of me, I shouldn't have..."

"No, no, it's alright. Really. I'd actually like it if you did that more, but I think you have a patient to handle." Will laughed, watching as Hannibal smiled shyly and glanced over to the confused student.

"I supposed so, let me finish here, and then we can talk." Hannibal smiled, walking off to collect the fallen items, and finish up with the kid.

They talked, a little, before suddenly pulling and grabbing each other into a wild, loving embrace. Abruptly stopping when it was time for dinner, Will walked in with a slight blush but smiled at find memories of sitting at the long tables, and scheming with Hannibal.

"Attention, student's. I would like to announce that we have a guest in our beloved school, Will Graham a profound wizard in the finding of magical creatures." Dumbledore announced, standing up to wave a hand at Will. Ducking his head, Will flashed a small smile as he held his suitcase closer to him. "He was invited here to help with our little...problem."

A few whispers, and snickers as students watch Hannibal beam down at Will, before silencing when Dumbledore goes on about something else, and let's the students eat.

"So, Mr. Graham, what places have you traveled too?" Asked a teacher, he didn't recognize.

"All around really, last place I was in was the Himalayas, searching for a yeti. Let me tell you, those guys are big cuddler's when they find out your not there to hurt them." He laughed, receiving a few smiles and coughs from the other teachers.

"I see, well I do hope you fix our predicament here."

"It'll be done in a day or two, most imps aren't very hard to catch if you have the right bait."

Oh, was he wrong.

This particular Rumpelstiltskin, was a rather nasty imp. Haunting the girls bathroom and having then run out screaming covered in water, and a few pieces of hair cut off. Burning books, and making a mess in one of the house's. Not only that, but it had a sweet tooth, and would often steal shiny things.

He had spent most of the day, running down hall to hall after the little shit. First, finding it when it jumped out to grab the shiny pocket watch in his pocket. Will had used a revealing spell, so the imp couldn't turn itself invisible. It growled, and ran off down the hall, with him on it's tail.

Unaware the imp was leading him to the roof, where students gasped and pointed as he walked unsteadily on the tiled roof. Teachers trying to get there focus back before taking one look, and standing on edge for the man to fall. But he didn't.

Yet

"Listen I just want to talk." Will shouted as the imp bounced at the edge, swinging the pocket watch around. It hissed, and clawed at him.

"Hey watch it you little-SHIT!" He yelped slipping from a loose tile and falling, quickly he pressed his lips together and whistled out loud.

Students screamed and yelled before gasping in awe, as a winged creature flee out of nowhere catching thea with it's claws. Hr hissed as one claw snagged his shoulder, cutting into his skin. The creature screeched happily, and once he was settled down on the ground nuzzled happily into his chest.

"Yes, yes, I know Buster. You're happy to be out if the case, I'll let you out but when we have to go you need to go back in." Will laughed as it kissed him by nipping his ear. When the teachers and students ran out, Buster had flown away into the air.

"My lord, what was that! Mr. Graham, are you okay?" A teacher exclaimed. He smiled, and chuckled lightly before rubbing his bleeding shoulder.

"Him? Oh, that's just Buster, he's a hippogriff. Harmless and adorning, but he can be a little over excited at times. I do believe, that I need to see a doctor and get my shoulder patched up." He explained, quickly walking away from the scene.

"You know, if wanted to meet with me, you didn't have to get yourself almost killed just to kiss me." Hannibal joked, as he examined the cut on his shoulder.

"Yeah, well you know me. Always coming in with a flare." He jokes, nuzzling his face into the doctors neck, when he sits down next to him.

"It must be dangerous put there, working alone, and getting attacked by angry creatures." Hannibal muses, entangling there hands.

"Well you know, I could always use a nearby doctor. Someone who would be willing to travel with me on my misadventures." Will hummed.

"Are you asking me out?"

"More like proposing, but without a flashy ring."

"I think I like it without the ting."

"So...I mean, that's not a no."

"Always."

"Excellent. I have a mean old grumpy, manticore who might poison me."

"Will...I live you.'

"I know. You keep sending me owls, with poetic nonsense."

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos are always loved!

Tomorrow is "Favorite Love story" and not do I have a long thing for that!

# Favorite Love Story

Chapter Summary

Day 14- Favorite Love Story: As you wish, was all the farm boy ever said, as you wish, were the only words that made Hannibal fall for him

Chapter Notes

I'm a sucker for the classics, sorry
Not sorry. Anyways, this is a little late because my WiFi was being dumb, so enjoy.

Also, Hanninal is NOT a nice person in this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Lecter household was a family of old blood, power, and money. With a loving husband and wife, they had a son, his name was Hannibal. Later on they would have a daughter named, Mischa. Both were adored and loved by the parents, spoiled rotten and taught with the finest of manners. Then came the time when they moved to America, a new land with a new house.

And new servants.

The Graham's were not the richest family, nor dis they have power. No, it was simply held together by a man, and his eight year-old son Will. And by some luck of God, Will's father had been hired by the Lecter's to care for the horses. Each day he went to work he would be shadowed by his son, Will, since he couldn't go to school he went and worked with his father in the stables. Adoring the horses, sheep, and dogs the Lecter's owned, while managing to do laborious task.

It wasn't until a dew months did Hannibal catch sight of the farm boy. No matter how hard he tried, he just couldn't stop thinking about the curly haired boy who never spoke a word to anyone, he was a different kind of beauty he's never seen before. And he wanted more. Since Will was, technically, a servant to the household he would have to listen and obey the commands. So, when Hannibal stood near the entrance chewing an apple, watching the farm boy work and sweat. He dropped the core on the ground, and spoke.

"Farm boy, come pick this apple up, and throw it away." Hannibal hummed, crossing he arms to see how he reacted.

"As you wish." Will had said, setting down the shovel, to pick the apple up, and toss it in the trash. Once his task wax complete, he gone back to shoveling the horse pen out.

Hannibal raised an eye at the boy, but left without a word. For the next couple of days he would coke by the stables to order the farm boy to do either simply things, or complex things that either gave the boy a cut or bruise the very next day. Sometimes when no one was looking, Hannibal would push Will down out of anger, and snap at how he'll never get anywhere in life. Will would lay where he had fallen and listen to Hannibal's ever word. But when night came Hannibal would wake him up, sneak him some good and apologies for his misbehaving. He'd kiss Will's forehead, cheeks or once in a while give him a chaste kiss.

And yet, Will always did as he was told, always answering with a small, "As you wish" before going off to work.

Hannibal had once tried to get the boy fired. He came back the next day, and had the farm boy run into town and buy him some art supplies.

"As you wish." Was all Will said, before taking the money and walking the five miles into town.

Hannibal, who always bought his own supplies, knew the exact amount of change that would be given. He waited for the farm boy to come back, knowing that he will be short on the money since they boy would waist it on something. Only to be shocked when the farm boy came back with both the supplies, and exact change. He did not smirk, nor show any emotion at Hannibal before going back to work.

Furious, Hannibal ha left the stables, stomping back inside. He would have the dumb farm boy do something wrong, if it was the last thing he did. However, it was very much a complicated task, since the farm boy never did anything wrong and always did his work right.

So after turning sixteen, Hannibal had given up on getting the farm boy in trouble and found another use.

"Farm boy, get my horse ready, I'm going out for a ride." He huffed, slipping on his riding gloves, when he came back home from school.

Will looked up from the book he was reading, immediately bookmarking the page, and grabbing down the saddle. Sighing a soft, "As you wish.", as he got to work.

Watching as the lithe young man work the straps on, Hannibal couldn't help but take in all of Will's appearance. He would be lying if he said Will wasn't beautiful, because he was. With curly hair that covered his forehead, and wide blue eyes which captures the soul, he was the work of a heartbroken poet. Someone, who Hannibal had fallen for.

When night came, Hannibal would sneak out to wake Will up, demanding he cone pose for him to draw. Will would rub his tired eyes, and whisper a soft, "As you wish.", before following Hannibal. He would seat Will in different places, on front of the fire, on the couch, on his bed, anywhere really. And he would always have him doing surreal poses, snapping

that if Will moved an inch he would hot him with the riding crop. It was only three swats before Will had learned to suck it up, and stay still.

And each time he would rise to a new day, even more tired than the last. While Hannibal, was cheerful at the new collecting of drawings.

When they were eighteen, Hannibal rode off on hos horse with Will out into a secluded meadows. He talked about school, collage, anything really, while sat down next to him picking at the grass and weaving small things. But he listened, he always did, he just didn't like eye contact.

"Kiss me." Hannibal breathed, when he leaned in too close to Will's face.

"As you wish."

Suddenly it seemed as time had slowed for the two, Hannibal reached a hand up to cradle Will's strong jaw. Rubbing and smoothing his thumb on the growing scruff if a beard, Will's soft lips pressing against his own. He pulled back slightly to catch a moments breath, before they both fell back into the grass kissing.

There kissing only spurred them on, as it became more erratic and wild. Soon Hannibal was tugging off Will's shirt, and biting at his chest. The farm boy, moaned and bucked his hips, but kept quiet under Hannibal's touch. Together they made love on the grass and bed of flowers, together they stayed out and watched the stars twinkle and wink down at them. Whispering sweet nothings, sighing and touching in the night.

"Keep me a promise, my sweet darling Will. Promise me you'll never touch anyone like we did tonight, promise me you'll never love anyone but me, never kiss nor look at anyone like you do with me. Promise me that." Hannibal whispered into Will's neck.

"As you wish." Will sighed, falling into a peaceful sleep. He would hold the promise dear to his heart, because as a kid he learned how powerful a promise is, and would always keep his. A promise is a sort of intimacy that cab break a person, and make them crumble, and Will always kept his promises.

A week later, and Will found out what it was like to have your heart stabbed. He watched from the stables as Hannibal drove into the parking lot, with some brunette getting out of the passenger side. They kissed, and Hannibal swung an arm over her as they walked inside. That night, Will had slept in the stables, crying to himself and screaming silently.

The next day he waited until Hannibal was gone, before resigning.

Never again would he see the two-face snake he had fallen in love with, never again would his heart weep until it was on Death's door. Never again, he whispered to himself.

What a lie.

Will left, without a note, without a goodbye. He was gone before Hannibal ever came home, off to work on some docks, or to just disappear. He worked, and worked, and soon had

enough money to just slip through college. Because justice soon filled his heart, and he wanted people to be free of there pains. Like he did.

Little did he know a few years into the police force, and he would be in the hospital from a stab wound. It had been on a case about an jealous lover, when the man looked Will in the eyes he couldn't help but laugh. Because he knew what it was like to be betrayed by your sun and moon, to be left in the just like a rock.

"It doesn't get any better.' He told the killer, and was out like a light.

But where one heart aches and cries, the other howls and weeps, init to grow dark and monstrous. Hannibal's good going life had taken a turn when he found out Will left, angerly he drive out to find the fame boy, when he didn't he stated out and got drunk. And when he came back he found his family murdered, he looked the man in the eye and swore his revenge. And for the last time he would be human, because that night he shed his human skin and became a monster.

He became the Ripper.

Studying medicine and the mind, he grew as quick as he was smart. He let the police chase their tales, and yell out. And then the golden opportunity came when he found his killer, came running to him like the squealing little pig he was. At first he felt powerful, like nothing could stop him, but he still howled with his heart at the aching absence of his lover.

Never again, he promised, never again shall I fall.

Liars

And just like the Earth and the sun, they both came back around. Only this time on different sides, Will took one step into Jack's office and knew this very bad, no good day, has just taking the turn down to being one Hell of a day. Because right there, right there sitting in a chair across Jack's desk was Hannibal Lecter. The very same man he loved, and sang for, the very man he resented and cried for.

"I don't find you that interesting." He snapped the next morning, when Hannibal had shown up on his doorstep with food and a promise.

"You will."

Hannibal watched as the quiet farm boy soon grew claws and fangs, and turned into a wolf like him. He wanted to bring death to him at first sight, he wanted to bring his weeping heart justice, but one look at Will. The new Will, the one who no longer took orders, and worked himself to death from day to night, he couldn't help but fall in live with that other worldly beauty.

And like the gentlemen did int he old tines, he changed his course and tried to woo the farm boy back into his arms. With art made from bones and rendered flesh, food of the rude, and trying to pry open that sweetly dark kind of his and crawl down inside.

Will was in a fight with himself, and he could see it. He snarled and snapped, cried and wanted, but on the inside he burned. And like a fire in a forest it was rapidly growing, and one day he just woke up and knew what it felt like to be in Hell. Because a disease not in his heart, but in his head had sprouted it's seed in his mind and burned him down.

Next thing he knew he was watching Hannibal parade around his cell, a killer they had called Will, a mad man who needed to be locked up. But little did they know that the real killer was sharing the same bed and table with them. He sent out a man to do his dirty work, and laughed when he came back dead by the monster he wanted dead.

"That's okay.' He said. "Guess you can't let a man do a monsters work, because they'll end up as an appetizer."

Hannibal smiled, and left the building without a single word being spoken.

Together they watched a man shove a girl into a horse, together the ate birds, together they scheme. And when the red dinner came, Will waited for his moment only little die he know that the script had been rewritten. There she stood, the daughter he had 'killed', right there in Hannibal's kitchen.

"You were supposed to leave..." Will gasped.

"We couldn't have gone without you." She cried.

Cold and sharp was the blade that had cut his heart so ling ago, but know it was real and jagged. This time it didn't leave a metaphorical mark on his heart, this time it would leave him with a smile. And this time, Hannibal watched everything fall apart.

"Promise me you'll forgive me." Hannibal had whispered down to him.

"As you wish."

Vinci, was warm and haunted by the past, because everyone knows that blood doesn't wash put easily. Hannibal wore many mask, and had learned how to compose them very well, but when your old and broken it's hard to keep the facade up when you just want to fall over. His heart cried for him to stop when they sat down and smiled together, it cried out for him to give up when he brought Will into the hotel room. You'll only make it worse.

"I forgive you." Will's heart whispered into the catacombs. They say the heart knows best for the human body, but does it know best when it's died for so many times.

Mason Verger had been a pig. Had, meaning past tense mainly because the scum was now dead, and would never bother the two again. Hannibal carried Will, he carried his heart the many mikes to Wolftrap, to Will's little fortress. He bandaged, and changed him. And he waited.

"I miss my dogs..." Will gasped when he had finally woken up. "I don't want to see you. I don't want to know where you are, or what you've down. I can't do this anymore. I can't continue down this path."

His shots had been fired, and they hit there mark. Because that night the monster who had haunted his every footsteps had finally been locked away. Justice had been served, but like a cold turkey sandwich it goes bad when left out in the heat. And then came down the rolling hill was a great red dragon who would be the end of there terrible, no good, love crime.

"This is all I've ever wanted for you, for the both of us.

"...It's beautiful..."

And it really was, they fell and broke the fall, chipped the ice, burned down the bridges. They swam through the freezing water, and coughed there lungs out on the beach. Hannibal leaned over Will, pumping down on his chest so he could breath this stale air once more.

"Wake up. Wake up. Will, you better not die on me, please. I need you. I...please."

Will coughed, and sputtered out water and blood to his side. "As you wish." He breathed through evwry cough. Hannibal smiled, and kissed his forehead. They left there birthplace, and went across the world to somewhere warm, somewhere where no one would find them. Hannibal held back, he wanted to touch, and kiss, and just wanted to consume all of Will's presence. But he held back, because he didn't want to scare off this beautiful creature who ahs finally come to live him back.

"Remember when we were teens, and we first had sex with each other. The first time we were really true to ourselves, do you remember what you made me promise?" Will asked, one day laying on the couch with Hannibal, his body still ached from the impact of the ocean, but at least he could move.

"Yes...I made you promise not to love anyone wake but me. May I ask why this is so important?" Hannibal hummed, marking his book before looking up.

"I always kept to that promise, even when I hated you." Will sighed, smiling a little.

"What about Molly, and Margot?"

"I didn't love them, they weren't you. It wasn't...real."

There was a sharp inhale through Hannibal's nose, he stared at this beautiful boy before him. His mouth grew dry, and his heart leaped, at first he couldn't form words, but then they came spiraling out.

"Kiss me."

"As you wish."

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and Comments are always lived and cherished please tell me how you liked it.

Tomorrow is "East of the Sun, West of the Moon" with some OneChar

# East if the Sun, West if the Moon

Chapter Summary

Day 15- East of the Sun, West of the Moon: Char could help it when he ran off from his father and hid from the guards, nor could he stop the fact that his own father was going to make him marry an ugly monster.

Chapter Notes

Huehuehue, I'm a sucker for OneChar, there so cute, and this story is also a mz with Greek mythology, because that's how I originally knew it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Char could help it when he ran off from his father and hid from the guards, nor could he stop the fact that his own father was going to make him marry an ugly monster. For years the town had been at peace, with nothing but parties and wine to drown out their sorrows. And then a few days ago a God had come down and asked for the king's presence, they spoke in secret, but Char had no clue as to what the God was doing down here. No, he was off drinking some wine in the vast library, and reading up on old fairy tales.

So, when the next day rolled around, and his father had sadly told him the news he grew angry. Running out of the castle gates, to go hide off somewhere else. How dare his father sell him off like he was property. Not only was he marrying a God, but he was marrying the God know as One-Eye. An old ugly God, told to take shape as a giant bear, and had gifted man with fire, weapons and the forge. Angerly, Char picked up a stone and threw it across the pond he stood before.

"I will not be some hand-me-down prince that is to marry off with a God." He grumbled, throwing another rock. Especially, a God who was told to be ugly, as he was silent. Some believed he cut hic own tongue out, or lost it along with his eye. "I am a prince! Not some dowry maiden, getting sold of to a high paying family."

Slowly, as the afternoon came creeping in he stormed back home to face his fate. There was little chance that he would make it far by running off, I mean this was a God they were selling him too. Well to his father it was more of, keeping peace with the God's. Really? Where did you pick that lame excuse from?

"It's not so bad," Ella told him, while he was brooding  in his room. "I mean you get to marry a God, how many people do you know actually get the chance to do something like that?"

"But he's a lame God, ugly and never talks. Ugh, I'll be dead before our honeymoon." He groaned, face planting into his soft plush pillows.

"Hey, cheer up. It's bot like he's going to eat you, or feed you humans." They both laughed at that, because man could some of the Gods be weird. Really, weird.

The next day cane with Char being abruptly woken up by some servants, who dumped him into a warm bath before scrubbing his skin off. He knew he had to be clean for his wedding, but he didn't have to be THIS clean. He kept his mouth shut, however, and let the servants wash, trim, and dress him. He didn't even het a chance to eat anything, before getting shoved into the ceremony.

There standing before thousands of Kyrrian people was a massive black bear, it's ugly scared eye was more hideous than the other scars on his body, there were even a few arrows protruding from the God's back for frying out loud! The single working eye was harsh and cold as it stares back at Char, he gave a small weak smile before walking down the isle to his new husband.

The ceremony in short was neither fun, nor long. People stood as far away as they could from the bear, and gave Char worried and sad glances. He smiled, and chatted, glancing over at his husband only to find him standing I'm the same spot, eyeing Char with an unreadable expression. He gulped, hoping to any other God out there he would jot be eaten or killed by the ugly bear.

Waving his last goodbyes, Char watched sadly as he left his kingdom behind to go live in the domain of One-Eye's home. His new home, his prison.

Going to the realm of the Gods was not really as bad as he thought it to he, mainly because One-Eye's shape had shifted until he was a giant winged serpent. Char had gasped, rather loudly, awkwardly clambering onto the scaley beast. And holding on for dear life, as it bolted into the sky, and flew through the air like a knife going through butter. At first, it had been the most terrifying thing ever, and then Char had gotten use to the air flowing through his hair, and the fear was gone. He sat up on the serpent neck, reaching his hands up to touching the air, and laughed when a few birds scattered at the sight of them.

But the fun lasted only shortly, as One-Eye neared towards a massive looking volcano and flew into a tunnel.

Hot.

Good lord, was it hot in the cave. Char clung to the spines on the monster, as it snaked it's way down a labyrinth of tunnels. Soon the temperature cooled sown enough, that Char was only sweating a little bit, but it was still very hot. They came to an opening in the cave which lead off into a palace of marble and bronze. It was beautiful, with statues of monsters and men with such detail it looked like it had taken years to make. And a large pool of cold water rested in the middle, meanwhile there were other doors and rooms to expire for Char.

"Is this...your home?" Char asked, as he slid off One-Eye's neck, and watched him change from a dragon to a bear once more. He was a hard built thing to look at, nothing about him

seem soft and fuzzy like most bears. No, he was course and rough, like a wear and tear rock, and there was no emotion that shone in his deep maroon eye. He gave a short, and stuff head nod, before moving away.

"I guess, I'll just find my room by myself then, thanks..." Char whispered, as the bear leery from where they had just came back from. Knowing that moping around wouldn't get him anywhere, Char looked at the room he was in once more before leaving down another hallway.

Doors. There were so many freaking doors in this house, it was amazing how the God never got lost in them. Some doors were locked, while others lead him to either a room of crafting tables, jewels, or just other things he wouldn't have expected from the God. Like when he found the library, now was that a sight to behold, the room was vast and large, a little dusty as well, but oh were so many books.

Shrugging, Char left the idea of going to find his bedroom, and began to search through books. He was amazed at how many there were, and how many he's never heard or read before, there were even some that were in different language. Picking up a book that was rather large, he walked near an blank spot in the library which had a few couches, and lit the fireplace before settling himself down on the plush couch to read.

He must have fallen asleep at some point, while reading his book, because the next thing he knew there was a cold snout sniffing at his head.

"Did...did you just smell me?!" Char screeched, falling off the couch as he was startled by his husband's appearance.

The God looked down at him, and twitched his nose. Of course, he had to be mute.

"I um....I like you library, it's a lot nicer than what I had back then." He said, standing up to look at the bear. "You know, I'm a little tired, maybe we should go to bed."

Again, he was given no response, but One-Eye huffed before leading him out if the library. Char went silent after that, and said thank you when he was shown the bedroom. Flopping down onto the bed he sighed at how soft it was, rolling around a little bit, before snuggling under the sheets. What he didn't expect was for his husband to give a shirt nod, then leave.

"Wait! Your not....sleeping....in here?" Char jumped, curious as to why his husband wouldn't he staying in the room with him. One-Eye fave him a look, snowing akin to him saying 'Seriously, you want a bear in your bed?'. Char laughed awkwardly, and scratched the back of his neck, before waving good night.

That night he slept fitfully, rolling and tossing. Worried he might wake up to One-Eye mauling him, or that this was all a bad dream. It wasn't until around midnight, when the bed dipped down, expecting the full weight I'd a massive bear he gasped when he felt human hands. Wrapping around his naked torso, and a strong thin nose nuzzling into his curls.

"Um....I'm sorry, but you might have the wrong bed, you see I'm already-"

A finger pressed agonist his mouth to silence him, frowning, Char stopped talking and played in the strangers arms. He did not expect his body to be flushed against the man's naked torso, and to hive warm calloused hands run up and down his side. He shuddered, gasping slightly at the touch, and tried to move over on his back to look at the person, but was pushed back to his side.

This time when Char fell asleep, it was to dreams of warm arms, and soft lips against his skin.

Waking up the next morning, Char felt a boulder of guilt weigh down on him. He just slept with someone else who wasn't his husband, sure One-Eye was a bear, but still he was married and would not go as low as to sleep with another person. Guilty, he ate breakfast in silence, and didn't dare look into his husband eyes. Instead, he ate quickly and left to find a place to shower.

Which happened to be the giant pool of water in the middle of the entire house! Groaning, he stripped and stepped in quickly so no one could see him naked, eve though it only appeared that he and One-Eye were the only people in the house. The water felt amazing, especially since the air was always a little too hot, but this water felt nice and cool to the skin.

Slowly, as to enjoy the water, he washed his hair out, and soaped up his skin. Sighing, he sank back into the water, and moaned at the feeling. Only to yelp, when there was a sudden whoosh of air, and something smashed into the pool near him

"What the-!"

"Ah! Shit. Fell into the water water again, whatever I'll just have to work on my landing skills again." Laughed the sopping wet man, he looked...the same as Char. Curly dark hair, with sea blue eyes, the only thing that wax really different about him was the scruff on his face, and the ugly scar on his cheek.

"Um...."

"Oh, you must be, Charmont? Sorry, to come barging in, I just had to get away from my clingy husband. Your new to this aren't you?" The man laughed, attempting a smile for Char.

He nodded his head, and raised an eyebrow. "I guess you could say that, and you are...?"

"Right, I'm Will, also know as the God of nature and the wild. It's nice to meet you, by the way good choice in getting One-Eye for a husband, he's a nice guy if you get last the eye." Will laughed, stepping out of the pool to dry himself off. "At least, you don't have-Hey, One-Eye, long time no see. You don't mind if I just...hide out here for a bit, Hannibal has been getting on ny nerves for a bit. And I just need to, you know, breath."

One-Eye stood to the entrance of the room, staring at the both of them. Will gave him that bad toothy smile, something like a wolf does to it's prey, but One-Eye seems unaffected by it. Actually, One-Eye seems pretty unaffected by everything that happened to him. He stared silently at Will, before his eye wandered over to Char's smooth body. Flushing, Char realized he was still naked, and made a move to cover himself.

Apparently, he missed it when another man flew into the house, he was tall and devilishly handsome. Ashen blond hair combed back, dressed in clothing for a king of a royal land. He seems unfazed by Char's nakedness, as he moved over to Will and smiled thinly, kissing the God's forehead.

"Will, I know you like running off from me, but bothering One-Eye's lover is very rude." The man abolished. Will groaned, but leaned into his touch.

"How do you keep finding me, I literally have hundreds of hiding places. Is there someone following me?" Will grumbled.

"No, my dear, I just simply know. One-Eye, I apologies for Will's sudden entrance, I do wish you my regards, and hope you have a lovely marriage." He congratulated, sounding like he had rerun the speech through his head over, ad over. Then he looked down at Char, and raised an eyebrow. "Ah, you must be Char, sorry for my husband, Will can be quite the handful sometimes. It was nice to meet you."

"I'm a handful, excuse me, but I'm not the arsehole in bed who-" and hair like the storming hurricane the two were, they left within a blink.

Char and One-Eye stood silently, staring where the two had fled from, before turning to look over at each other.

"I hope those two aren't going to be at the after party. I've read a lot on their story, and man do I not want to get in between those two." Char gulped, there was a snort near him, like One-Eye was agreeing.

After that the day went on smoothly, and when night came, Char found himself laying with the silent stranger from last night again. This time, it wasn't to sleep, but a little more intimate. And again, he woke up feeling guilty for what he done, promising that he would stop the next time, only to fall to the strangers silent charms. It went on for a week, until one day Char woke up to find that One-Eye was taking him to see his family again, he remember the times spent with the God.

One-Eye had been very kind and patient with Char, he let the human into his forge room and examine his work and art. The God had a hand for the art, since he apparently made those beautiful statutes in the pool room. That morning, One-Eye had changed forms into a dragon, and flew Char back to his home. Nodding when Char asked if he would be back later.

He laughed and danced with his family, and learned all that had happened in the past few days. It wasn't until later in the afternoon when he was pulled into a room by Ella, and she started searching him for any signs of abuse.

"Elle what-"

"Shush. I'm just making sure if your in good hands. Anyways, tell me how things are, and be honest with me."

He did. He told her everything, form the strange encounter with God of nature and his husband who was the God of death, she laughed but listened. And then he spilt the beans about his love for the mysterious stranger who visit him every night. She nodded, and said nothing until he was finished

"I have an idea." She turned and shuffled through he closet before coming back with a candle and matches. "Hide this candle and match, and when the stranger falls asleep light it, then you can see what he looks like."

Char smiled, and bidder his head. Shoving the candles and matches into his pouch, then gave Ella a hug before leaving to meet One-Eye Everyone seems to gawk at One-Eye's dragon shape, Char however was unfazed, and climbed onto the back of his husband's neck. Watching as the kingdom grew smaller, and smaller as he left.

That night when he gave One-Eye a hug, and said his goodnight, he hid the pouch near his pillow and waited. When the stranger came in silently, he kissed Char and nuzzled against his neck. Char smiled nd laughed, before finding himself gasping and moaning, from strong arms and rough lips. He waited until the stranger was asleep, and his breathing had slowed. Then lit one of the candles, the sight made him gasp.

The man was beautiful, hard and course yet handsome like a marble statue. His long grey hair ran smoothly down his face, while his toned hairy chest held scars from the past. but the thing that really caught him was his right eye, which had an ugly scar running down, almost like he was mauled.

It clicked. And char gasped, unbeknownst that some wax had fallen onto his husbands skin, until the man had woken wig a jolt. His form changed quickly, and soon he was a hear once more, they both stated at one another, before One-Eye got up and ran out into the woods.

Char stared in bewilderment, before pulling on some pants and trying to follow behind. But he was too late, One-Eye was already gone, and had left him. He went back to the house, and waited for One-Eye to return, and when his husband didn't he grew worried. And called for help.

"And what makes you think I'd tell you where he is, were you not the one who had broken his heart." Hannibal hissed, sitting atop his thrown of bones and fear. Char gulped, because yes Hannibal dis scare him more than anything else, the man was dangerous like a monster parading around in human skin. He wondered how Will felt about the man, even if they were married, Will seemed to have a sort of old distaste left on his tounge from Hannibal.

"Hannibal, don't be such a prestigious arse, let him know. Besides, One-Eye likes him, more than anyone else. Don't ruin this." Will snapped, appearing from around the corner of the room, and crossing his arms. Hannibal took one look at Will, ans suddenly his stern face melted, and he was like a big cat turned domestic.

"Very well."

One-Eye had apparently hidden himself in another one of his forges, but this one was older than the others, and the volcano had cooled over. It was, unfortunately, still very much too

hot for Char to like. But through the tunnels and maze he went, until he came upon a sad, lonely God sitting at a work bench.

Slowly, he approached like one would do so in the face of a giant animal, he knew One-Eye could tell he was there, but the God ignored hos presence. Char sat down on the bench, awkwardly, and watched as his husband tinker around with a few things, before setting it aside and working on something new.

"I'm sorry...I really am, I just....well...I was curious, and I never expected..." He sighed,slumping over to rest his forehead on the table, gathering his thoughts one by one, trying to form words of meaning.

There was a soft sound of metal being place sown, before One-Eye turned to face the prince. Eyebrow raise, yet no emotion showed through his hard face, Char stared, not at the ugly scar which covered one side of his face. No, he just stared at his face in general, it was handsome and rough, but when he continued to stare at it he could see the softness in him. Smiling, Char sat up, and held out a hand.

"Let's start over shall we? Hello, I'm Prince Charmont of Kyrrie, your husband." Char smiled.

One-Eye glanced down at his hand, something twitched in his lips. And when Char had began to give up, he gripped his hand pulling it close to his mouth and settling a kiss upon it. Char blushed, ducking his chin and smiling like a fool. Will was right, he was lucky that One-Eye had been the one to choose him, instead of some other god or goddess.

For the remainder of the day, Char had watched One-Eye draft irked from simple bronze chunks and brass wires. It was amazing to watch this rough looking man, work on such a soft, delicate piece. Only to have it appear like art. Char would smile, ans watch the mechanical think work like a charm, before leaning against One-Eye's shoulder, and kissing his cheek. One-Eye had smiled, like an actual full out smile, and turned to give a chaste kiss to Char.

And he knew this would be a start to a new beginning.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and comments are always loved"

Tomorrow is "The Lindworm Prince" which involves Space digs, because that is my #1 ship, and I love it so much

# The Lindworm Prince

Chapter Summary

> Day 16- The Lindworm Prince: This world is made up of different people, the ones who don't get cursed by an evil witch for doing something stupid, and the ones who do get cursed by an evil witch for doing something stupid. And then there are the people who don't get cursed, but are being forced to marry and love the person who was cursed by an evil witch for doing something stupid

Chapter Notes

> I really need to catch up with tags, but eh..Anywayd here's some good ol' Spacedogs because that is my number one ship"!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

This world is made up of different people, the ones who don't get cursed by an evil witch for doing something stupid, and the ones who do get cursed by an evil witch for doing something stupid. And then there are the people who don't get cursed, but are being forced to marry and love the person who was cursed by an evil witch for doing something stupid. In this case, it's a strange man who has a love for the vast stars and universe, named Adam Raki.

You see Adam is a strange person, he makes schedules and sticks to them like a fly on a fly paper, quiet and shy but loves to discuss the stars. Once you get him started he can never stop, which is why some people find him a little...well, odd. For a smart, handsome man he never looks people in the eyes, and doesn't enjoy physical contact. So, he just spends his days inside reading about the universe, tracking the stars and moons, and inventing things no one has ever thought of before.

He lives a quiet and lonely life.

That is until one day, he gets reared off his schedule by a knock on hic front door.

Royal knights of the kings palace have come to take him from his house, he says he didn't do anything wrong, but they are not here to put him in jail. No they're there for a completely different reason.

You see, the town has been being ransacked by a large serpent like monster, know as the lindworm. It snaps and roars, destroying Hines and towns, and killing anyone who gets in his way. And this monster of all the things it wants, is a bride. Unfortunately, not many of the

woman in town are alive, or single, some being a little too old. And the king is not going to give up one of his daughters for this monster, then again the monster never specified what gender the bride had to be.

So, all through the town the royal knights go collecting whoever they believe will pacify the lindworm's hunger. Even when most of the brides get eaten or killed.

And now they've reached the little town where Adam lives in, and of course no one wants to give up there life to possible marry or get eaten by a monster. So they do the easiest thing possible, they send the knights to the house where Adam is, saying the kids not right in the head and would make a perfect bride. Adam is not happy about this, but has no word to say when he's pushed in a room and some maids start getting handsy with him.

They take his clothes off, and scrub him clean, even though he already bathed and is clean as can be, but oh no, that's not acceptable to them. He has to be spotless, and freshly born. When they finish, he gets pushed back into the room, and handed a selection of clothes to try on or wear. His only instruction is to stay, and wait for his, could be husband or could be killer, to come and see him.

Sighing, he wears the softest and the most plainly looking clothing of the bunch, and selects a book off the shelf. It's not about anything he really enjoys, but there's nothing else to really do besides read or brood in the corner. His body still twitches from the constant touching of random people, as he starts to settle in the bed.

He ends up falling asleep at one point, again, ruining hos schedule. But is awaken to the strange noise in the room, it's the sound of something smooth and heavy sliding against the tile floor. Like the sound of gold being pushed across a table top, or a rushing stream down a stony hill. When he turns over he comes face to face with the lindworm, and yet he doesn't scream.

No, instead he stares at the large red eyes which gaze down at him, they are like two bowls filled with blood and anger. With a long sleek body covered in black scales, a few scars, and immense heat radiating off it. It is probably one of the most amazing creatures Adam has seen in this cold world, almost as amazing as the raccoon he watches every once in a while. When the lindworm speaks its voice is rough, and scratchy but slides off easily to Adam's attuned ears.

"Who the fuck are you?" It hisses in distaste, baring sharp white rows of fangs.

Adam blinks, and scrunched his nose. "Please, don't curse, I don't like it when people curse."

The lindworm looks almost taken aback by Adam's words, like he never expected him to talk back, mainly expecting a scream or plea of freedom. It perks his interest. "And what makes you think I'll listen to someone like you?"

"Well, considering the fact that the king wants to marry me off to you, I would be your husband. I think. And since marriage is about equality, we would be made equals. So, I just wanted to set a few ground rules, one being bot to curse." Adam explains, like he was talking

to someone on how to put up a shelf. He foes quiet, then smiles awkwardly. "I'm Adam, by the way."

Silence

And then the monster starts laughing, loud and boisterous, like Adam told him the funniest joke in the world. It laughs, and laughs, swinging it's body around a bit, and knocking a few books off the shelf. Once he quiet's down a bit, he sets his head down on the bed close to Adam, and watches him with a new interest.

"You are very fucking odd for a human, gorgeous." The lindworm coos.

"My name is Adam, and yes I know that, everyone tells me I'm weird. It's why the knights chose me, because I'm weird and no one would miss me if I died." Adam comments, with the least self pity a person could have for themself.

The lindworm frowns, and snorts angerly. "Well, I think your pretty damn smart, gorgeous, and I'm very glad I got to meet you."

"You are very quick to use words of endearment."

"I'm a very endearing guy, sweetheart. Now, why don't you tell me some more about yourself, because I'm quite interested in what's going through that pretty head of yours, love."

Adam smiles, his cheeks and ears turn red, as he dips his head down shyly. "O-okay, um...can I ask one thing first."

"Go ahead."

"Do you, um, have a name by any chance? Something I could call you besides, lindoworm, or monster."

The lindowr smiles, and nuzzles his snout against Adam's chest softly, before settling back down. "Nigel, my name is Nigel, sweetheart."

They talk.

All through the night in fact

And when the morning comes, Adam wakes up to a room with a giant serpent sleeping next to his bed. If it was anyone else they probably would have screamed and ran for their lives, but this is Adam we're talking about, and he isn't afraid of things that go bump in the night, nor to mention a terrifying maneating dragon that calls him endearing names. So, no, Adam does not run away from the dragon or scream, he does in fact get up to relieve his bladder, and clean himself up.

When he finishes, he walks the length if the giant lindworm's body, biting how it doesn't quite completely fit inside the castle room, and has to curls around his body twice, before coming to rest. Picking up the book he was reading from last night, Adam goes back to the bed to lay

down and read. The lindworm snoozes and snorts in his sleep, creating a comforting rhythm that Adam can relax to.

Five chapters further into the book, and then Nigel ie waking up, he smacks his lips a little and yawns. Sharp, white fangs shine in the morning light, as red eyes stare down at Adam. But there is no wrath of hunger in the monsters eye's, instead there is only curiosity, and adoration. Apparently, from last night's conversation, Nigel finds Adam's long talks and conversations rather pleasing and peeks his interest. Adam enjoys having a person around who will actually listen to him, and doesn't interrupt, saved for a few, "Fucking amazing!"

"I'll see you again, tonight, Adam." Nigel says, slithering out the rooms massive windows, and to the woods. Adam stares, and watches the giant serpent some how fit through the tight walls.

He lays back down, and wonders idly if he'd be able to go by his house and pick up a few things.

That, sadly, never happens, no instead when the King hears that Adam is still alive, he presents a feast to rejoice. He says, Adam was the best choice for the monster, and they will wed by the end of the week. Adam doesn't stay for the feast, instead he gets up quietly, half way through the chatter and leaves the castle. He just wants to be alone with his work, and the stars.

He doesn't want to be around loud, and obnoxious people.

Going back to his house he finds everything exactly where he left it before, pleased with this he sweeps a bit of the dust off the ground. Even if there probably wasn't any dust to sweep, and makes himself some dinner he'd actually enjoy.

Unfortunately, for the kingdom, Adam's disappearance goes unnoticed, so when the time comes and Nigel comes back to see his bride, only to fund the beautiful spaceman had ran off, he grows angry. Roaring and hissing, he starts to break down the castle walls, until some one tells him where Adam has gone to. No one does, mainly, because they're to bust cowering in fear, and running to hide

Then one brave soul stands up to the monster, and points to the path that leads to the town Adam lives in. He tells Nigel to, look for the house farthest from the rest. And the lindworm leaves.

Not wanting to cause a ruckus, he sneaks behind the woods if the village, and searches with predatory eyes for Adam's house. When he dies find it, eventually, Nigel slithers over to the front door and grumbles loud enough for anyone inside to hear. A few minutes, and then put comes the little spaceman, rubbing his eyes and yawning. He doesn't even bat an eyelash when he see's Nigel outside his door.

"Oh, hello Nigel, I wasn't expecting to fall asleep before I got back to the castle." Adam hums, looking at the monsters size, before glancing at his small home. "I would invite you inside, but I don't think you could fit."

And if those words didn't melt Nigel's rough heart, then the sheer innocence of Adam's face did. His tensed muscles relaxed, as he rested his head on to the ground, huffing slightly. This human will be the end of him.

"It's okay, darling, I was just worried that you had left me." Nigel sighs. Adam raises an eyebrow, walking closer to Nigel to sit down next to his head.

"Why would I leave you? Your the only person, um...thing, that actually listens to me, and isn't weirded put by awkward routines." Adam muses, still confused at the lindworm's worrisome thought.

"Well, not many people last a night when they find out their going to marry a monster."

"You're not a monster, Nigel. They are the monster's for labeling you as one. It's not the things that which live in the dark woods we should fear, it's how we will react when we see them."

"Adam fucking Raki."

"I don't have a fu-"

"I know, I know, I just wanted to tell you how much I live and adore you."

"Oh, well...I love you, too then."

That's it, that's how the story ends. Sure the monster is usually supposed to turn into a handsome man, but in this story that doesn't happen. Nigel is cursed, but he's not trapped in the form of a giant lindworm forever. No, he can definitely change into a human if he wanted, he just finds it amusing to scare towns as a lindworm. He does however, change human when he's with Adam, it makes it all the better when he just wants to cuddle and kiss the beautiful genius, who done how became his loving husband. Now that, my friends, is how the story ends.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and Comments are always loved!

Tomorrow is "The Princess that never smiles", and to be honest I have no idea what I'm going to do for this one, so...surprise!

# The Princess Who Never Smiled

Chapter Summary

> Day 17- The Princess Who Never Smiled: "You know, when a person expects a first date, they don't really expect their lover to eat humans for a living."

Chapter Notes

> I'm so happy you all enjoyed the Space dogs fic, sorry for any typos I try to catch the when I can, but you know...
>
> Amyways, this was originally fpong to be about Mizumomo, and Will's scarred belly
> But then a friend of mine made me watch I zombie with her, and it just turned into this.
> So enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

> To make the introduction short, we'll start with a common opening, one that we all know, love, and hate.
>
> Ahem
>
> Once upon a time, there was a prince who lived in a lovely castle, with brothers and sister, and parents who all adores him. He was happy as a fish in the water, and nothing could go wrong in their peaceful city. The townsfolk were enamored by the prince's charms, dark curly hair that made a halo around his face, sea-blue eyes that could capture a persons soul, as his face retain a cherubic state no matter how old he grew. Or how much facial hair followed.
>
> He was a beloved prize to the kingdom, and was to be the next heir of the throne.
>
> But a war came in the cherishing moment, a war of blood and grief that swept through the country. Vowing his heart and life on the sword, the prince had join his brother's and army in the war. There they fought, back to back, strength in the swings, and their hearts soaring with just and power. But our beloved prince dis not make it to see his living family, before the war was over he had been stabbed.
>
> The Red Dragon had taken it's ire and vengeance out on him, coming from out of no where, and piercing the prince with his sword. The prince had fallen to the ground, watching his brother's take revenge on the monster, and killing him for the prince. It had been the last thing he saw when he was alive.

His brother's had gone home wig heavy shoulders, heads bowed low, for the war may be over and won. But their hearts had been pierced by a by a blade know a grief. When the kingdom had heard about the prince's death they had weeped, and held a celebration for him. Even if there was no body to vary, for the brothers could not find his body in the mass piles of corpses.

It was a tragic day for the kingdom that would always be remembered.

The end

Of their story of course, bow let's go back tot he tiny part you just read, where it stated, " It had been the last thing he saw when he was alive.". Now if you remember correctly the prince had just been stabbed, and died. Well I'm here to tell you my friend, that that is very wrong. Wring indeed. For when night had fallen, and the moon was half a glow, and half dark, a miracle had happened. If you could call it that.

For the prince had awoken, gasping for air he would no longer need, for he was still a dead body, but he could now walk the Earth once more. That is, if he could get the god damn sword that was still in his chest out!

"Are you kidding me! You couldn't have like, I don't know, taken the sword out." He growled, struggling to pull out the piece of metal. When it was out he looked to check his wound, noting how slow his blood flow was, and had black the blood looked in the moonlight.

His stomach began to growl, and he sniffed the cool night air around him. To normal people they would have smelled a overpowering amount of decay and rot, but to the prince he smelled nothing but food. And his mouth began to water. Disgusted with himself he ignored the constant hunger, ans tried to leave the bodies in peace.

He came back.

Eventually.

And tore into their chest, devouring their rotten organs and flesh. The taste had been amazing, he moaned and shoves more of the dead man's flesh into his mouth. Chewing happily, and making disgusting noises as he ate. When he thought to hard about it, it was almost disgusting, and had something to do with his curse. Slowly he realized that, even if he could now walk the Earth once more, he could never go back to his family.

Tears slipped down his cheek, and soon the flesh in his mouth was a bit bland taste. He sobbed harshly over hos own loss, and vowed never to eat a man again. His diet had changes that night, and he went back to eating animals, at least the ones who were already dead and rotting. Those were the tastiest to him, fresh was even better, but the rot always left a nice salty taste on his tounge.

Now that he was dead he couldn't really go back home, since everyone would run and scream, and think he was cursed. So there's a down side of coming back Alice, as whatever he was.

He also couldn't grow a beard anymore, so that was pretty disappointing.

Soon the years were slipping by, and everything around him was shifting ever so slightly. He watched as nations rose and fell, how a mad man tool control and tries to kill of an entire religion, watched as all this happened just from standing in the shadows. He frowned at the changing world, frowned at the murder and mayhem, frowned and never once smiled again. And slowly, as the years passed. so did his promise, each town he found a dead human body he just couldn't resist a taste. It was almost addicting, but he couldn't stop. Fearing that at one point or another, he would be caught and tested on.

Or so he thought, that is until he met Hannibal Lecter.

It had been a cool night, walking through the streets of Vinci. Will was just stroking around to see if he could find something to catch, frowning ever so slightly at the sight of uniformed police and criminals. Then his nose picked up on something, straightening up, he lifted his head and took a long whiff of the smell. It was meat, human meat, and it smelled as fresh as it could be.

Changing his course, he quickly followed the scent to another alleyway. His mouth began to water at the dead man at his feat, glancing around he noticed there was no one there, maybe the killer had gotten scared and ran off. He shrugged. At least he wouldn't have to defend himself if anyone caught him. Prying open the man's clothes, he tore threw the easily cut skin, and dug in for the man's heart.

It was no longer beating in his hands, but blood continuously flowed from it, gleaming in the dark glow of a far away night lamp. He licked his lips, pulling the heart to his mouth and tearing into the food. Oh, what a wonder it was to eat fresh again, he would thank the murderer for killing this pig, if he actually cared to meet him. Moaning, he continued to chew at the heart, savoring the mixed flavors.

Suddenly, he was interrupted by someone coughing behind him.

He froze, unsure of what to do or say, he thought about playing it cool. Slowly, he set his hands down with the bleeding heart, and turned to look up at the man standing over him. He was young looking, probably in his mid twenties almost thirty. Ashen blonde hair swept over to a side, and deep honey eyes curiously looking down at him. And then he spoke.

"I wasn't expecting to find someone testing the meat I had butchered, when I went to go fetch some supplies. Although, I so believe introductions are needed now." The man said, with a hinted smile of his lips.

"Um....."

"Hannibal Lecter, it's a wonder to meet you, and you are?" The man crouched down to get eye level with him. Staring intensely into the prince's wondrous blue eyes.

"Will....Will Graham. You know, usually when a person finds someone eating from a corpse they run away." He acknowledged, setting down the heart, and turning to face the strange man.

"Well then, I guess there's a first for everything." Hannibal muses.

And from there its history. Just kidding, no. The night doesn't end right there, and the story does continue. After a short explanation, Hannibal teaches Will an easier way to harvest the organs from a body, and takes him into his house. There, he serves Will the meat from his kill, cooked, seasoned, and dressed in a lovely picture. Will all but wolf's the food down like a starved man, moaning obscenely at the taste, and warmth it leaves in his belly.

When he finishes, Hannibal smiles at his kudos and lobe for the meat. Curing up like a pleased tiger on the man's lap when they go to the study to have a drink. And for that small little moment he can see the world lighting up a little.

It doesn't last, Will finds his hunger for flesh to be more tempting and uncontrollable each time he eats Hannibal's dishes. So when his mouth starts watering at the sight of Hannibal half naked from the shower, stomach doing flips and growling for a taste. He makes a run for it, for Hannibal has been the best thing to happen in his immortal curse. And he will not let his hunger overcome his love.

He finds a boat sailing to America, and hides in a storage box. Most humans would probably die of starvation, but Will doesn't really need to eat ever do often, and stays in the box until the boat stops at a dock. There he runs off into the woods, and makes himself a nice warm hone in a wasteland of ice know as Wolftrap. Quietly he eats dead animal bodies, and find his home being filled up with loveable dogs. Slowly, he works on his 'eating habits', he works long and hard until he can walk into a crowd of people without staring at them like their food

His solitude doesn't last long, and once again he finds himself getting caught eating a man's organs from a dead body. In the woods.

"You know when I showed you how to get the organs out, I had hoped it would have stayed." A warm accented voice says behind him. Will jumps and turns around, coming face to face with Hannibal Lecter.

Older and WAY much hotter than he was many years ago.

"Fuck." Was all that he could say in the moment.

Hannibal smiles, walking over the body to cup Will's cheeks in his hands. He hums, as leans forward to nuzzle his strong thin nose into Will's hair. Taking a long whiff if his scent.

"As always you smell lovely." Hannibal hums, while leaning back.

"Like rot and decay? I've heard those can be very disgusting kinda of smells." He quips.

"You smell nothing like such, Will, your fragrance is musky and warm, like a type of spice for tea."

"I really missed your weirdness, Hannibal." Will sobs, crumbling into the man's arms.

"As did I miss my favorite dinner guest."

They reunite like old lovers, and spend the afternoon moving most if Will's belongings, and dogs, into Hannibal's lovely home. Then they eat dinner which still has the strange decorations Hannibal always makes, even though Will makes a note how awful they look sometimes. Afterwards, Will finds himself following Hannibal to bed like a lost little puppy, Hannibal smiles, with open arms and holds Will when they sleep.

Will funds himself falling back in live with Hannibal, this wonderful cannibalistic man. Now each time he sees Hannibal half naked his stomach doesn't flip put of hunger, it flips and dances out of lust. He wants that man in every way, and he will get him. Thankfully, Hannibal feels the same about Will, and they fall of the couch in the study by just kissing and attacking each other with lips and teeth.

When they get back upstairs to Hannibal's lovely bed, things get a little awkward when clothes are taken off.

"Is this...normal?" Hannibal ask, looking down at Will's pale white body.

"It um....my blood moves a lot slower than humans do, since I'm dead. So it....it takes a bit to get down there, it-it's not your fault or anything." He groans, falling back down on the pillow and covering his face. "I am very hard for you, but it's going to take a bit before the blood reaches there."

He hears a soft laugh come from Hannibal, and slaps his shoulder. Hannibal smiles, and kisses Will's forehead.

"Then I guess that just gives me more time to tease you."

And there, right there, at that moment Will finds himself smiling. It has been so long since anyone made him smile that it almost hurts. He makes sure to let Hannibal know that night how much the man means to him.

"I want to take you to an opera, tonight. It is to be a spectacular performance tonight." Hannibal says one evening, as he's reading on the couch, and Will is curled up in his lap.

"I...yeah, sure. I can do that. As long as I don't gave to converse with anyone, I'll be fine." Will shrugs, going back with running his fingers against Hannibal's warm skin, like it's just the most fascinating thing in the world. Which it really is, at least to Will and his skin that's always too fold for normal people, he finds it to be a relaxing thing to just touch and feel Hannibal's warmth under his skin.

Will let's Hannibal dress him, because he lost his taste in fashionable clothing years ago when he started wearing flannel as an everyday thing. Hannibal dresses him in dark blue colors, somehow gets a comb to go through his unruly curls, and shaves what little facial hair he can grow off.

He smiles at his work, and kisses Will before saying, "You look just like a prince, young and youthful."

"And dead. Don't forget that part, by the way did I ever mention I was a prince." Will hums, taking Hannibal's hand as they walk to his car.

"Once or twice, I do remember you telling me if such things." Hannibal replies, driving them down to the opera.

The opera goes a lot better than Will had imagined it to, the again Hannibal does have a taste for the finer things. He finds himself tapping along tot he tunes, and leaning into Hannibal. There is also the distinct feeling that they are being watched by someone, he doesn't turn to look, but he makes sure to take note on it.

After the singing is finished, he sticks close to Hannibal, tuning out the boring conversations, until he leaves to bring back drinks.

And what he sees gets his blood? boiling.

Some little fat mouse is touching his Hannibal, those sweaty grubby hands grab at the sleeve. And Will feels a slight crack from the glass he's holding. Desperation leaks out of the man's pores like an open wound, and is scent is pungent. Tasteless. Rolling back his shoulders, he makes his way calmly over to the group.

"Ah, yes here he is, everyone I'd like you to meet Will. He is my beloved." Hannibal smiles, taking the flute of champagne from Will's hand to sip it.

"My what a handsome man you are Will, don't mind me asking but how older are you?" A woman asks.

Oh, you know about a thousand more years older than you.

"I'm only 34," he lies. "but shaving makes me look younger. Hannibal finds it humorous, when people think I'm some young lover of his, but we've been together for such a long time."

"And you never thought to a meeting, or one of your dinner parties. Very rude of you, Dr. Lecter." She admonished playfully.

"Will doesn't enjoy being social, one of the reasons why it took so long to get with him, but for tonight I've been able to get him put of the house." Hannibal laughs, playing it cool. Will watches as the fat mouse stare angerly at him, it's not a full blow of wrath but a little wave.

"Oh, yes, my apologies, Dr. Lecter I do believe this man was trying to get your attention."

"Hi, it's good to see you." Says the little mouse.

"Hello, Franklin, it's nice to see that your being sociable tonight." Hannibal says, with a hint of distaste. Will could have choked, or laughed at that, but kept himself calm while lacing his fingers with Hannibal's.

Franklin takes notice, and sweats a little more.

"I see, well let's discuss note of this in out next session, I believe Will might be a little sick. Are you okay, love? You seem a little cold to the touch, maybe I should take you home, your looking a little pale."

Will would stab the man of he knew this was just a way for them to get out of the place. He makes his hands tremble and appears to look squeamish. He already as the cold skin and palness, so why not act on. The woman looks worried, sets the back of her hand to Will's forehead, reeling back at how cold he feels.

"Goodness, your as cold as an ice chest. You should go home dear, take good care of him Hannibal" she pleads for them.

Hannibal nods, and steers Will back out to his car. When the doors are closed, Will can't help but burst into laughter, Hannibal raises an eyebrow but drives on.

"Is something funny, Will?"

"Are there any other people I should know that are fluctuated by your looks, Hannibal? Anymore jealous lovers?" He coos evily.

"Franklin is a patient who has a rather bad habit of getting too attached to his therapist. I need to write up a referral for him." Hannibal frowns, bottom of his eye twitching at the name of the man.

"Who wouldn't want to get attach to you, I could practically see all the loathing and looks being given your way. Your as they say, top dog, and everyone wants to be with the top dog." Will hums. "Guess I'm just lucky I got to be the one to hook you on a leash."

"Is that what this is, a kind of relationship of control?"

"Hannibal, if you try to psychoanalyze, I will give Franklin your number, and home address."

Hannibal goes quiet for the rest of the drive home, and when they walk up the stairs to his room. Will finds himself getting pounced on by Hannibal, clothes are torn, and rough lips trailing down his back. Will moans, letting Hannibal do whatever his wants to his body. The next day he'll wake up in warm arms, turn around to a sleepy Hannibal, and spend the rest of the day on the house eating cooked rude.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and comments are always loved and cherished!

Tomorrow is "Savitri and satyavan" I have an idea, but I'm still working on it.

# Savitri and Satyavan

Chapter Summary

> Day 18- Savitri and Satyavan: "Look for the last time, I'm not bringing back you beloved, okay! Things like that don't work, and if they did I wouldn't. Now go higher dome other God about your mortal feelings."

Chapter Notes

> Woooo, yup I totally winged this one, sorry, I forgot to read the story for it, and just went with the short plot SilverQueen posted. And yeah, its Trishad, because someone suggested it and I had no idea what to do.
>
> Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Look for the last time, I'm not bringing back you beloved, okay! Things like that don't work, and if they did I wouldn't"

"Please, oh lord of Death, I NEED to get Tristan back. I never told him how I felt, and he died too-"

"You sound just like the last person I trusted. And they tried to kill me!"

Galahad groaned, it had only been a week after the war with the Samaritan's, a week after Tristan had died. His heart ached and sweeped continuously at the lost, even though he's already lost so many other brothers to the Roman's rule, Tristan had been the one that really got to him. He loved the strange Knight, who kept himself secluded and trained a falcon.

They say the heart grows absent when your other half leaves, and that's exactly how Galahad felt when Tristan died. That is until a book had fallen open in front of him, when he was brooding through the isles in the library. He didn't exactly look at it first, but then he looked more closely and saw what it was saying. It was a ritual to summon Death itself, to bind Death to you and to bring a person back from the dead.

Unfortunately, Death had been a lot different from what the book had said he would be. The book told him Death would be willing and kind, but this guy! This guy however was cranky and rude, he also looked a lot like Galahad himself.

"This better be good, I was in the middle of something important." The figure said, as it slowly crawled out from the opening crack in the floor.

At first it looked like a humanoid shape, covered in dark black too that slipped off onto the ground. Then with a snap, the dark covering had disappeared, and standing before the Knight was a shaggy haired man with an ugly scar on his cheek. Ghostly blue eyes stared at Galahad, piercing right through his skin, and leaving a shiver down his spine.

The man gave Galahad a smile, or something close to one, as his lips moved back in a snarl. A strange kind of facesmile that had no emotion to it  then frowned once more.

"Well...you called?" The man said.

"W-wait...you're death? As in the monster that everyone fears, and runs from? You look so....so human." He pointed, sitting back up from where he fell. The man grumbled, and rolled his eyes before saying, "Yes, I know I look human. It just makes things easier to deal with, I don't want to scare off the customers. Anyways about the-"

"You chose a really poor human look than, you look like a lost puppy." Galahad blurted.

The man sighed, pulling a hand up to his face, and wiping something off. When Galahad blinked, he no longer saw the face of a human, he saw a monster. With blank eyes of the moon, and snarling teeth covered in dry blood, not only that but he had massive black antlers growing from his skull. Galahad yelped, and move back when he moved closer.

"Does this satisfy you now?"

"Nnononononono, keep the puppy look. Keep the puppy look!!"

The man snorted, and in a blink he looked human once more. Galahad sighed, all the tension leaving the room instantly. When then sat down at a nearby table, Galahad moved from the floor to a seat across from Death.

"So, Galahad, about this deal you wanted to do? I'm not exactly here for a fun game of scaring the living daylights out of you, I have a personal life to as well." He said, flipping through the book.

"You know my name?"

He looked up, frowning as he tilted his head to the side, which screamed 'Seriously?'. Galahad chuckled awkwardly, scratching the back of his beck and looking down to the floor.

"So, um...Death-"

"Just call me Will."

"Will. Okay, um...so what I need is for you to bring a person back from the-"

"I can't do that."

"What! Why not!? The book said you could, it specifically said you would do as I ask."

"Woah, hold it their kid." Will raised up a hand in defence then motioned around. "I don't see any sacrificial goats or animals being slaughtered in my name, I don't see any offerings either. I just see some broken hearted man, who has no idea what he just got himself into."

Galahad blinked, his jaw twitched and grew stiff in anger. He just couldn't believe this man, god, whatever! He could not believe this stubborn and cruel person, his fist clenched in anger as he looked at the floor.

"Please, I can her you a sacrifice, anything. I just...I just need Tristan back." He pleaded.

Will was silent at first, then he began to laugh. Cruelly. Galahad looked up with pleading eyes, as the squeaking of a chair pierced the air. Will stood, and walked over to the fireplace. His dark clothing consumed the light the reflected off the flames, as he stared solemnly into the flames.

"Get someone who actually cares about your problem." He whispered, reaching into the fire, and letting his body be devoured in the flames. Until nothing was left but a few ashes.

Galahad fell over the table, and cried. He just couldn't stand this anymore, his yearning, broken heart wouldn't last with this pain anymore. He wanted to have Tristan back. He NEEDED him back. Slowly he came to realization, if Death was going to be stubborn asshole. Then so would he

It really didn't take long for Galahad to find Will, again. Really...it didn't.

Especially when the man had seven happy pooches, who couldn't ha a fly. He also lived in a secluded area, and the book had a nice little tracking spell to find him for Galahad. He rode his mare up to the house, stomped up to the door, and banged his fist on the wood.

"What-oh, it's you again. Look I-"

"Now you listen here, I don't care how much you don't like me, or how your too busy doe this. But you are found to bring back Tristan, whether you like it or not!" Galahad snarled, pointing a finger to Will's chest.

"Good luck with that kid, cause I'm as stubborn as a mule. You're not going to get very far with that kind of carrot." Will snapped back.

"Well lucky for you, I've been told his stubborn I am as well, so don't give me that kind of crap." He shot back, marching into the small home, and seating himself on a chair.

Will bristled, slamming the door, and stomping to some other side of the house. The dogs whined a little, but wagged their tails, and came to sniff the new visitor in the house. Will and Galahad were like two predators being forced to share the same cage with each other; neither one wanted to be there, and they wanted to came each other's throats out. Sadly they couldn't, because that wouldn't get them anywhere.

Didn't mean they couldn't annoy the hell out of the other one.

Galahad had made it his goal to piss Will off to the max, until he brought Tristan back. Or just killed him. He really hoped is wasn't the second one.

He began to shift books, furniture, or other things very slightly, little things that Will wouldn't bother to notice. Until he found himself bumping into everything, or one of his books, that he knew was on the shelf, which was found halfway across the room. Will grumbled and moved everything back in order, getting frustrated when Galahad had moved everything again. He did however, burst into flames when he came home one night, finding that Galahad had moved everything oppositely.

"No, Winston, daddy is not happy at the momwnt. For play with the others right now, I need to fix the room." Will hissed through clenched teeth when one of his dogs came over, and whined.

It took only a week or two of just annoying Will, did the God finely snap. Galahad was petting a couple of his dogs at the time, when suddenly the door flew open, and a very drenched, very cold Will came into the house. His eyes roved over the room, until they landed on Galahad. And just like that, the man was right in front of the knight, gripping Galahad's throat and pulling him off the couch.

"I am absolutely down with your tricks, Galahad. I am done with the toying, the crying, and tour stubbornness. You want your beloved back well fine!" Will tossed him to the ground, and closed his eyes.

When they opened they where white and blank, his whole body grew dark. Galahad's gaze shifted to Will's shadow where it shifted, and changes into a horrifying horned monster. He speaks chants that are heavy and hoarse sounding, the sings whimper and run to hide. All the candles in the house flicker, and for out.

The next thing Galahad knows, is that a heavy weight has been thrown onto his body. And when the lights flicker back, he gasps, his heart stops immediately at who the weight belong to. Tristan. In flesh and blood lays on top of him, painting and gasping for air, looking around widely.

"TRISTAN!" Galahad cried, pulling the once dead Knight to his chest. Tristan tenses but goes slack in his arms, lifting his hands up to examine Galahad's face and hair.

"Pup? What are you doing here? You can't...already be dead?" Tristan sighed, eyes crowning sad and weary.

"What no! Tour alive, Tristan, I brought you back. Well actually Will did, but your alive now. I...I wanted to-"

"Wowowo! First off, get out, my job is done hwre, and want some peace and quiet. Secondly, if you start kissing, I will make sure when you die that you will be tortured foe an eternity." Will snapped pushing the two towards the door. "Now get out, and never call for me again. Actually, just never even remember that I exist."

"He seems very grumpy." Tristan hummed, not even looking at the door Will had slammed on them. Instead he stares down at the younger Knight.

"You have no idea, anyways what I wan-"

Tristan swoops down to capture Galahad's lies with his own, holding him close and tight go him. He just can't get enough of the younger man, he never wants to die again. Death had been lonely, and dark. And he misses Galahad's charms and smile, not to mention when he wore his tunic just short enough to get a look at those plush thighs.

Speaking of plush thighs...

"We should probably find a place to rest for the night." Galahad blushes, pulling back to take a breath.

"We should." Tristan smirks, reaching down to grip at Galahad's thighs, only for the boy to slip out of his hold and walk away. Tristan smirked and flowed him, tonight they would reunite as lovers, tomorrow they would live like beloveds, until it's time for them to go.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and Comments are loved and appreciated!

Tomorrow is "The Fish and The Ring" which will probably involve more Gods au

# The Fish and The Ring

Chapter Summary

Day 19- The Fish and The Ring: "Oh my God, I'm the lord of Death, and I'm going due by choking on a ring!"

Chapter Notes

Um, I don't really have much to say, but here's another day of Will being the Gid of Death, with a little Percy Jackson. Enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Now when you think of God's courting each other, or just getting together like his mortals do. They have stories of kidnapping, sacrifice, etc. But really when the God's are connected to fate, just his humans are connected to a red string, destiny, or whatever you may call it. Well this story is about a lonely God, one who has no choice but to live deep underground in his own castle of bones and the dead. He is, of course as you would call him Death.

He never once choice to live the life of solitude, not did he choose to be death. But hey, we all have our shoes to be filled. Neither God, Goddess, or mortal wanted to be near this man. He carried around what you may call a clock of dark deception, rot, a flock of crows that sang in his coming. For everyone knew the sound of death.

Just like they know that putting a ring inside a fish can cause someone to child, and die.

Or at least would know if someone had put a ring inside the fish, but as we all know, fate works in mysterious ways.

It was just business, Will told himself over and over again, sitting out at a table. Which looked way more than he could afford, of course it wasn't his choice to go eat at some fancy ass restaurant. Nor was it his choice that he was meeting with the God of Medicine. A man best know for both his work, and his handsome cheekbones, at least that's all Will could get from the others. It was just...business.

"Apologies for my lateness, there was a mass shooting in an area by here, I felt it would be nice to drop by and help a few of the people." A man said, appearing from the side of Will's sight. Will had been preoccupied with string out the window at the passing people, feeling their push and pulls, which would die and which would live to breath another day.

Now that he mentioned it, Will could feel the slight tug in his chest, pulling him towards an area where people were getting ready to die. And yet, he stayed. But when he turned, he couldn't help but be consumed by the God's appearance. Elegant. That's how Will would describe the man, strong define cheekbones, deep maroon eyes almost like blood, auburn hair combed back. He smiled politely towards Will, and seated himself.

"Of course, work as usual with the mortals. You're lucky you just don't have to listening to them complain about, it's not my time yet, or but I haven't finished everything I wanted to do in my life." Will mocked, giving off a shaky laugh.

Hannibal raised am eyebrow, lifting his wine glass to sip. "Do you often find humans distasteful? They are rather wondrous creatures, are they not?"

"Smart. But selfish, when something doesn't go right their way, they make a fit and won't stop until it goes their way. Only their way." Will described, shifting his in his seat at the others curious eyes. "Humans...do not enjoy when fate messes with their lives, nor do they enjoy it when unknown forces enter."

Hannibal smiled, picking up a menu when the waiter walked over to ask for their choice in food. Hannibal had ordered something long and something Will probably couldn't announce no matter how hard he tried, while Will ordered his favorite food when coming to the surface. Fish. Such a simple tasting meal, that can be made into so many different dishes.

"Now onto business, I think you know why you're here, Hannibal?" Jaw clenching, a shaky breath.

Hannibal looked up, like a child who was covered in dirt even when his mother told him not to play outside, acting innocent. "Whatever do you mean, Will?"

"Don't.... pretend you don't know what the problem is...Italy. Does that ring a bell for you? A disease that kills hundreds in the past couple of weeks, while I've been collecting the dead and had my back turn, you've been sneaking around healing people." He began. "Now, usually when other supernatural forces get in my way, I let it slide if it's small. But you, you just keep coming back to heal more of those scumbags. I do not like it when someone messes with my work, Hannibal."

The man smiles, and chuckles a little. "I must say, I did not expect to get caught by you so soon. I've heard much about you Will, though some rumors I must put to an end because there false."

"Like what?"

"You are, in no way the ugly monster most God's would describe you as, your beauty defines all things I have seen. They must be jealous of it, or else they wouldn't have said a thing."

Will's jaw goes slack, opening a little in...well shock. He hasn't met a person so willing to compliment him, maybe it was just a trick. Or maybe...no. Straightening up, Will looked away, down at his plate, before looking back up at the man. He was still smiling at Will, a look in his eyes, and he could see adoration. Again, he looked away.

"I hope your not trying to flirt with me, so you cab get out being scolded." He commented, smiling slightly at the plate. Why was he smiling?

"Now, why would I do that? If my memory serves, I do remember being crowned as the God of Medicine, not trickery." Hannibal smiled, reaching over to smooth a thumb over Will's hand. "Besides, what I said is true, you are a beauty I have never seen before."

Will bite his bottom lip, leaning back to move away from the warm touch. Also because their food had arrived, ans he was getting hungry. Hannibal ate like a king, calm and collective with grace of a bird. Will couldn't help but watch as each piece of meat slipped between those ganged teeth of his.

And if he did look away he would miss it, he would have also seen the glittering piece in his fish. Though he did feel it when it got stuck in his throat.

"Ack!!" Will pushed back in his seat, grabbing his neck as his throat enclosed around the piece of bone? He stood up from the chair, trying to punch his chest and get the bone out. Thinking about his last thought.

'Oh ky god, I'm the lord of death, and I'm going to die by eating a piece of fish.'

Then there was a warm, strong grip around his chest, and suddenly a pop. When he blinked, he could breath, gasping for air and clinging at the weight behind him. Which appeared to be Hannibal, looking down at him concerned. When Will looked down at the bone, no wait, bone doesn't glitter in the light.

"Seriously, a fucking ring? Who the Hell cones up with this crap!" Will growled, picking up the piece if jewelry. When he heard a soft chuckle coming from behind him, he turned and glared at Hannibal. "Did... did you just try to kill me with a ring!? You arsehole, what the hell!"

"Will, that wasn't me. How would I have had time to place a ring in your fish, when I was talking to you the entire time. Maybe it was something else."

"Well....oh....oh no-we are-NO!" He throws the ring at the ground, and storms off into the bathroom, where he guides out in a stall to make himself a gateway back home.

He tenses when the door to the room opens, and Hannibal walks in. "Will don't run from this. Fate has chosen us to be together, and we should accept it's choice."

"No, thanks. There's already enough people who ridicule me, I'd rather not add to the list of being a bad lover, or whatever." Will grumbles, stepping into the gross toilet water, and chanting a few words under his breath.

"Will, please, you cannot run from your fate."

"No, nope, already made up my mind. Goodbye, Hannibal." The room is filled with silence, and then the sound if the toilet flushing, Hannibal sighs knowing that Will has left back to the underworld. Guess he'll just have to try harder to get the others attention.

Apparently, trying harder also meant being patient, for about three years, and slaying a dragon together. Although, not many mortals have heard of that story, nor do they know the two God's had gotten together. Until they went to the underworld.

"It's dangerous I know, but we have some gifts to offer, and might be able to get on his good side." Abigail said to her two companions.

Camp Half-Blood was in danger, undergoing an attack from monsters. Monroe was a mean mid who was the son of Ares, and was ready to run head first into battle before anything else. While, Izzy was more calm and collected, being the daughter of Athena had made her smart. While Abigail, was the leader of the group, not just because she was the daughter of one of the big three, but because she took charge.

Slowly, they moved towards the entrance to the Underworld the halls were lit by small lamps if fire, with a few skulls on the walls. No wait, never mind the walls were definitely made of skeletons. Shivering, the three demigods walked down the halls of the dead, until they came to a room that had yelling coming from. Two hellhounds ran out whimpering and whining like they were just kicked. Then a loud crash came from the room, and the yelling was muffled.

"You first..." Monroe said, pushing at Abigail move her forward.

"What no, you go. You're the one who goes into trouble head on." She rebutted, pushing him back.

"You!"

"No, you!"

"Oh, would you two jus-"

FWUM

Both the doors had swung open, exposing the demigods from their hiding spot. The taller of the two men was fixing his tie, while wiping some blood off his faced. The shorter and scruffier of the two, blinked at them and glared back at the other man. He sighed, and made himself a drink, before speaking.

"Let me guess, someone died and you want them back?" He grumbled, watching the other man walk away.

Silence.

He took another sip, and grumbled. "Well, are you going to talk, or just stand there for the hounds to eat you?"

"Sorry, we just need some help, our camp was attacked and we just need a way to heal our friends. We were told to come here-"

"Hannibal, you're looking for him, not me. I don't heal people, I just get rid of them." He said, slouching in a chair. One of the hounds sniffed at his hand, panting happily when he began to scratch it's ear. "Hannibal! These kids want to see you."

There was a moment of silence, before the elegant looking man walked back in, dressed in a different suit than before. And was looking cleaner, he frowned slightly, ignoring the kids to walk over to the man in the chair. Kissing his head of curls, and whispering things in French to him.

The man blushed, and hid his face behind a hand. Chuckling swiftly, and shaking his head. "Yeah, when their gone, ok?"

"Of course, my sweet Will, I wouldn't want to scare off our guest." Hannibal mused, before standing up and facing the kids. "Now what kind of medicine did you say you needed?"

"We didn't."

"I have just the thing." Hannibal moved to a cabinet ,that hadn't been in the room earlier. Opening the doors, and moving the contents around. When he pulled out a white vial, he handed it to Abigail, explain the contents. "Give a drop to each if your fallen friends, and they will be healed."

"Oh, wow....really. You're just going to hand it over to us, with like no-"

"Shshshshhs, sorry he's an idiot. Thank you bye." Izzy interrupted, pulling the two out of the room.

"You just wanted them to leave." Will laughed, watching the man's movements and he staked over to him.

"On the contrary, I was just being nice. They will owe me in the mean time, but for now I have business to attend to." Hannibal smirked, trailing kisses down, Will's neck.

Mmmm...really, just business? What kind?"

"I'll show you."

Chapter End Notes

Kudis and Comments are always loved!

Tomorrow's event is "The Mouse Princess" which involves some lumberjack Will, and a good old Ravenstag

# The Princess Mouse

Chapter Summary

Day 20- The Princess Mouse: When will went off in a search for his bride, he really hadn't expected anything to come out of it.

Chapter Notes

So, this is really late, and I'm so sorry. I got sick badly and just couldn't get up to write. I'll try and update the rest as quick as I can, and catch. So sorry for the delay.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As the up coming king, Will was told he would need a bride before taking the throne. His bride need to have royal blood, have kindness in their heart, manners, and elegance. Of course in the Graham family nothing is ever done just exactly like how the other kingdoms work.

So when his father sends Will put to go chop down a tree, and follow until he finds his bride. He raises an eyebrow, mind filled with questions and wonder as to why in the world would his father send him on such a...stupid hunch? Looking back at his father, Will sighed before turning towards the woods to follow down into the rabbit hole.

It's astonishing how far a person can walk without seeing anyone.

In fact it's close to midnight when he finally comes across a small cabin. Sighing, and praying to what ever god is out there, and is on his side, he moves up to the door and knocks. What he expects is a widow, or a lumberjack, Hell even a cannibalistic serial killer. It however is none of those, in fact his bride is not even human, it is an elegant, massive black stag that stands before him. Huffing slightly at his appearance.

"Um...I was looking for a bride, and well....would you like to be my bride?"
The stag raises an eyebrow. Can stage even raise an eyebrow?

"I'm Will, Will Graham of the Graham dynasty, the next heir in line." Will says. Wow, he must have gone mad from just taking a stroll through the woods, a very, very long stroll.

"I know who you are, William. Please come in." The stag hums, motioning with it's massive antlers into the house. Oh, good it can talk, definitely confirmed he was going crazy. "You are not mad Will, I can talk just like any other human. I am, Hannibal."

"It's nice to meet you Hannibal, is...is that food I smell?" Will ask, sniffing at the warm, delicious fragrance that wafts through the air. Hannibal chuckles, motioning to the table that has a bowl of warm stew.

"A bride should always be prepared for when their husband is hungry, and coming home." Hannibal hums, seating himself down next to Will.

Will smiles despite how awkward the situation had started out, blowing on the hit soup, he sips tentatively. The soup is warm, and taste amazing, he continues to eat the bowl, and after a second one he finds himself leaning back into the drags warm fur and dozing off. Hannibal hums with content, leaning down to nuzzle against Will's curls.

"Sleep now my prince, and tomorrow you will wake to tell your father." Hannibal mused, curling around the boy.

"Hmmm..."

When the next day comes, Will thinks it's all just a dream. But when he wakes to laying in a bed of warm black fur, which is breathing, it hits him hard that he is indeed going to marry a stag. A stag who has a name, can cook amazing food, and is very kind. Hannibal began to rouse when Will was splaying his fingers through the warm fur.

"Are you hungry, Will? I can make you something to eat." Hannibal asks, nuzzling into Will's curls.

"I will take a snack, on my way back to my kingdom."

Hannibal nods, and Will leaves with a nice apple in hand. On his walk back to his home, he chews at the apple racing thoughts through his head on how he will explain to his father he will be marrying a stag. He never does tell his father, mainly because the man wants to test the bride Will has found for him. Tell your bride to make you something out of clothe, ans to bring it back to me, his father had told him. Before once again, kicking his son out the door, and back to Hannibal's cabin.

When Will finds the cabin again, it is once again late at night. Hannibal welcomes him with open 'arms', warm food, and more nuzzling. Will explains to him his fathers request, unsure of how Hannibal will take it. He sends Will of to bed, nuzzling his neck and rumbling a slow song in a strange language into his ear. Once Will is asleep, Hannibal gets to work.

Soft silk flows from Will's hand when he wakes up, Hannibal had set down a basket before him. And in it was a handful of silk shirts, from blue to white to a deep red. They were absolutely beautiful to look at, ans the touch was heavenly. Will smiled, hugging Hannibal and kissing his nose before leaving to go back home. He dad had gawked at the silks, mentioning how he's never seen any like such before.

"Son I think you've found the perfect bride, but there is one last thing I must ask for you to do." His father had told him.

"What is it?"

"A feast of course, every bride must know how to cook. You will go and ask her to make something, then bring it back for me to taste."

And so, off he was again back to Hannibal's small cabin. It es late when he had found the cabin, mailing wearily up at the massive stag, and falling into his warm fur. Hannibal hummed, and licked at his cheek before nuzzling his chest.

"What has your father asked for you to so today, my prince?" Hannibal acknowledged, as Will curled into his warm body.

"He wants you to make a meal, says all brides must be able to cook a feast for their husbands." Will mumbled, his sleep ridden mind slowly shutting down on him. Hannibal hummer, waiting for Will to fall asleep,  before getting up to make food.

This time when Will woke up, it was to the smell of a warm home cooked meal. Sitting up, he saw the table was covered in all sorts of meals. From soups, to meat, salad, and breads. It was a mouth watering sight to behold. Hannibal came trotting in from the outside, settling down to Will as he ate a plate full of  food. Moaning at the rich texture, and taste of the foods which had been made.

"Did you make this all? It's amazing." Will exclaimed, shoving war bread into his mouth

Hannibal puffed out his chest a little, swelling with pride. "Why yes, I did Will. I'm so glad you enjoyed it."

Before he was sent off to his father, Will kissed Hannibal's nose and said his farewell. Walking quickly to the kingdom so the food would not go cold from his trip. His father had rejoiced in his return, happily trying the food. Only to Mona at the taste of it, congratulating Will on his choice in a bride. Will smiled, nodding as he listened to his fathers next command.

"Tomorrow you will coke back here with your bride to be wedded to." His father said, sensing Will again out into the woods.

Hannibal had smiled and laughed at the news, nuzzling into Will and chatting with him. Will smiled, listened to what the stag had to say, only to fall asleep in the warm basking fur of the massive stag he us soon to marry. The next day, Hannibal leaves the house with Will, as they make their way back to the kingdom. But with each step, Will's nerves begin to grow more and more. Hannibal must have a sixth sense, because he leans into Will to calm him down.

"Do not be afraid, Will, things are going to be okay. We have nothing to fear." He said. Will kissed his head and continued to walk

When his father sees his bride he doesn't laugh he smiles and nods. However, that doesn't stop the other kings or totals to laugh at his choice. Mainly, Mason Verger.

Now Mason was a...strange sort of king. Not only did he marry his own sister, but he also beat her, everyone knew that. He was cruel, and crazy, feeding those he deemed fit to his hungry pigs. And laughing all the fries and pleas for a better hone off his shoulder. Will still

didn't understand why his father had invited the idiot to his wedding, getting angrier each time the man would laugh and sneer rude remarks at Will or Hannibal.

"How rude." Hannibal mumbled, chuckling like the words were an inside joke.

That is until the priest had announced Will and Hannibal married. Mason had jumped from his seat, a dagger in had and sliced at Hannibal's side. The stag had bellowed out, turning to gore the idiot with his antlers and fling his body across the room. Will ran over to the stag's bleeding body, trying to hold as much blood as possible. Calling out for a doctor or medic to come and help.

"I will be fine, Will, no need to worry." He sighed, resting his head on Will's lap.

"Bullshit, Hannibal your bleeding to death. Your...your going to die. I...I love you too much." Will cried, watching as Hannibal's body slowly, slowly run out of breath.

But alas our story doesn't end here, for Hannibal's body had begun to glow bright and angry. His body changes and shirts, his antlers are gone, and his fur turns to skin. Slowly, he shifts, slowly his body changed, and becomes human. Will gasps and stares.

Hannibal smiles up at him, reaching up to feel those rough cheeks, and soft curls. He kisses Will to silence, and comfort. They don't ever talk about what happened that day, nor do they talk about what happened to Hannibal. Because they already know, so instead they talk about the future.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos a d Comments are always loved.

Tomorrow is "The Hidden One", where we explore the smile Hannibal had given Will. Mostly Mizomomo feels

# The Hidden One

Chapter Summary

Day 21- The Hidden One: Will shares at the smile looking right back at him, he can't help but smile back

Chapter Notes

Again, so sorry this took so long

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The once was a lonely God, one who would create humanity into beautiful, monstrous pieces of art, of blood and flesh. He was content with his work, in his hidden temple of flesh and bone, where each day a new lamb would come for the slaughtering-his slaughtering. For he was not to be messed with by the mortals, he could hid in rags or fine silks and yet the humans couldn't tell him apart. He would sing as he changed the flesh from the pigs, and glut on their flesh.

And then came the Prophet.

The Prophet was as lonely as he was, but at night the lonely God's song would awaken the Prophet in a fit of sweat and fear. He could hear the voices, loud and clear as they sand and scream into his ear. No matter how loud he cried and clawed for then to leave, they were always louder. But the lonely God had heard his scream, and stopped his singing to take a look at this Prophet.

A sight to behold was how he would describe what he saw in the Prophet, no-his Prophet. For he could see through the screams and the fear those were his visions, those were the his slaughtering's. Turning, he began to sing back at his Prophet, to answer the screams and the calls. He watched the Prophet shiver and hum, sing back to him, but he did not see.

When they met it was on Earth, hard soil drenched in blood, a Priest had come forth and chained them together. The Prophet sang of his miseries, or his terrors, the lonely God wanted to sing back. For nothing was more beautiful than coming together, and uniting the song. He held back, hummed the tune, and listened to the Prophet's tales of woe.

The lonely God watched, as mortals wound him up and watched him go. Pulled some strings and tied him down to a rock, where they listened to his worried and his tales. They listened,

then left. The Priest had listened, and tire the strings off, the feeling was quick to last. As rope tightened around his neck, and he was held by a leash like one would do to a dog.

Furious, the lonely God had made his slaughtering's with fury, and flourish. He would make sure that the Priest knew that what he was doing was wrong, but like a rock the Priest could not tell. But the Prophet could, oh yes he could very much see the anger and resentment in the work. His heart ached, and weeped, yet he did nothing about it. How could he? For he was just here for stories, and tales.

The Prophet found himself spending evenings chasing after wayward stages, and things which were never there in the first place. The voices grew quiet, then loud the second. Time was at a loss, and he was beginning to see everything blur into a big picture.

But the song was still their, he heard the lonely God's song through the muddled voices. And he followed, and followed and what he saw had been a shock.

Because he saw.

And just like someone had lit a match inside him, he began to burn with a righteous fire. He screamed out to the sky, and no one heard.

But the lonely God did.

He heard, and he did not scream back. He did not scream back when his Prophet held a weapon to his head, he dis not call back when his Prophet cried out, and yelled at him. No, he let the Priest follow and see what madness the Prophet carried with him. And just like that, the Prophet had been caged in a tiny cell.

The lonely God had cursed him with the tongue of a snake. His words twisted and swayed from the truth, when he called our for help the others only heard a cry for blood. No one would believe him, and the lonely God made sure of that. But one.

I believe you, the Oracle whispered to him

He let his words wash through a mortal, whispered a gift for a payment. And so the mortal, drunk on courage, had tried to crucify the lonely God. To bring him down, and eat him to gain his power. But the lonely God would not let himself die, yet.

When he was freed he smiled through his teeth, and made sure to twist a word or two around. Maybe his words would no longer be twisted anymore, but that didn't mean he didn't have two faces. The Priest was fooled by one face, but the lonely God was skeptical. So he sent a dog out to fetch him the truth. What he found was the dog butchered by his Prophet, and set out for him as a feast. He smiled, opening his gates and arms for his Prophet once more, and let him enter his home.

They sang a broken tune, and ate birds of song. Beak, bone, and all, sown there throats it went. Down with the singing, and up with a new song. As always, the tune was lost once more. In a sea of red hair, and a tasteless mouth. The lonely God had found himself upset with the truth, and vowed to get back at his Prophet.

What came next is what you would call a dinner in red. The Prophet had came down the palace stairs all dressed and ready to run, but what he found was a ghost and a bleeding Priest. Missing his step he fell into the lonely God's open arms, and looked into his eyes.

He saw it all. The beauty in the blood, the anger and love, a life of hardship and craft. He saw it all, all those hidden figures and sad secrets.

And yet he did not see the silver that slipped through his skin. But he could feel it, just as he felt the lonely God's betrayal. A searing pain that left him down on the cold floor, gasping and breathing. Reaching over to save the Ghost that once plagued his minds, he lost a lot that night. And so did the lonely God, as he walked away from his ruined temple, grabbing the Oracle and whisking away to a place he once called home.

He found himself enjoying the old hone, with it's warmth and honey colors. But his heart would weep at night, and his glass would be filled constantly. He became reckless with his art, and felt himself slipping away. He wanted something, and yet he did not know it. Until it cane to him with forgiveness in hand, and a smile with white fangs and love.

Their unity lasted shortly, as a pig who wanted godship had captured them both. Trailing then to his dynasty of meat and pigs, a distinct illness that swept through the plain and made the man crazy. The lonely God was angered by this pig, who wanted to kill him ans eat his own flesh to gain his powers, to cut at his Prophets fair skin and parade around in it. He roared and let loose his terror, he became a monster of antlers, blood, and ash.

And when he was finished, he carefully held his Prophet back to his home.

And when the next day came, he found his heart broken, once more...

Tired of the ache and running, he let the Priest take hold if him. Shut him away in a box, but I'd there's one thing immortality has taught him, it was patience. So he waited in the small box, where he crowned himself king of all the space that lies in the box. As he fed falsesness in the eyes of his captures, and ate their normal food. He missed the flowers, the meat, and the wine he once flirted on. But he would always miss his Prophet the most.

Coming int mo the new world, was a young God who breathed fire, and ran around the lonely God's feet. The Priest had cone knocking tot he Prophets hidden door, asking him to come back once more. But the Prophet knew that if he did, there would be no coming back. He said his good bye's to his old home, and left. Because in the next few weeks he would find himself in pain and misery.

Stepping before the lonely God he cried out their broken tune, and the lonely God answered back. Silence. And then the Prophet left to fight if the young God, he cane back to bring the lonely God with him. To set him free of his cage, and led him on as bait.

The next thing he knew he was standing before a dead dragon, and holding his lonely God. Their breath mingled with their tears and blood. Touching and holding, an intimacy held for two, ans yet they could not stop. That's when the lonely God saw, his unwilling Prophet was in fact a God himself. And so they fell, singing their broken tune into the salty embrace of the sea.

They sang and they rejoiced, for only a God can kill another God.

Or can they?

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and Comments are always loved.

Tomorrow is "The Twelve Dancing Princesses" with some demon Hannibal

End Notes

Kudos and Comments are loved.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!